

IN
THE LAND
OF
LORNA DOONE

William H. Ridenour.

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In the
Land of Lorna Doone

AND OTHER

PLEASURABLE EXCURSIONS
IN ENGLAND

BY

WILLIAM H. RIDEING

AUTHOR OF "THACKERAY'S LONDON," ETC.

11277

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*To my Companion on the longest
journey of all,*

M. E. R.

April, 1895.



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In the Land of Lorna Doone.

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IT is a very beautiful and romantic coast, this of Somerset and North Devon, with the Bristol Channel flowing between it and the vapory hills and shores of South Wales. From desolate moorlands it drops into the sea by crags and precipices of red and yellow rock, sandstone, and granite, with here and there a narrow sandy or shingly beach, which appears or disappears as the tide comes in or ebbs. Seen from the sea, without a closer acquaintance, it seems to fall inland in softly rolling valleys, high enough for the clouds to rest upon them, but easy of passage, billowed in tranquillizing curves, peaceful and arable.

There is no wilder country in England, however, than this. It is all moorland,

wild, uncultivated, solitary; open to all the winds that blow; clothed with only gorse and heather and bracken, or clumps of scrub oaks and dwarf pines, in which the wild deer still finds shelter and multiplies. A good part of it is Exmoor, and what is not Exmoor is like Exmoor.

Pitiful the plight of the wayfarer who thinks it is as easy to cross afoot as it looks! He sees from the coast nothing between him and the horizon but one shallow basin after another, with barely a ridge between them; no steep hills to climb, or gullies to descend; a comfortable farmhouse, or a cluster of cottages, appears, perhaps, in the lap of one of the valleys. He is spent before he is undeceived. The wild moorland falls away everywhere into dark and difficult ravines; and the cottages, instead of lying in a vale, are on a cliff with a long descent to the opposite slope. There are few levels on Exmoor, few grades that do not drag the breath out of us.

It is uphill and downhill all the way to Lynmouth, whether we come from Barnstable, Minehead, or Dulverton ; most so from Barnstable, least so from Minehead.

And the wonderful thing is — something unanticipated when one sees the blackness and desolation of the moorland — that while the uplands are so austere, all the valleys, or most of them, especially where they are narrowest, support a vegetation of a richness unsurpassed even in England. Here you will find the hydrangeas growing in colors never seen before ; roses climbing up porch and lattice ; the fuchsia as high as the chimneys, and raining like the thorns of Calvary ; myrtle and laurel, and hedgerows that are nothing but solid banks of flower and leaf.

To come from above is like exploring a nature harsh on the surface, but warm and generous at heart. These combs are cut and threaded by the greenest lanes, in which wild flowers follow the

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march of the months with such response to the soft rains and velvety airs that they outlast their due season. Here you will find well-kept homesteads, a pastoral life, meadows, and orchards in which the fruit, if not showy, is full of flavor and sweetness. There is not a prettier glen in England than Glen Lynn, and no brook makes sweeter music than Brendon Water; and Porlock, with its white, thatched, brier-covered cottages (even the village bank is thatched and covered with vines at Porlock), is an unspoiled vestige of the golden age when rafters were low and hearths were wide.

But look skyward from the combe, and all is verdure, and you see the foliage cease before the upper edge of the slope is reached; a shelving rock crops out as if it would tumble into the valley, and higher than that is the heather; a mile or so away the deceptive moorland is seamed with another "goyal," or glen, or combe.

✓ All readers of "Lorna Doone" will remember that Plover's Barrows Farm was amid scenes like these. "All above is strong, dark mountain, spread with heath and desolate, but near our house the valleys cave and open warmth and shelter. Here are trees, and bright green grass, and orchards full of contentment, and a man may scarce espy the brook, although he hears it everywhere. And indeed a good stout piece of it comes through our farmyard, and swells sometimes to a rush of waves, when the clouds are on the hilltops. But all below, where the valley bends, and the Lynn stream goes along with it, pretty meadows slope their breast, and the sun spreads on the water."

✓ Every one who comes here brings Mr. Blackmore's romance with him, and this part of Devon is as often called "The Land of Lorna Doone" as by its proper name. Along the coast are Minehead, Porlock, Glenthorne, Lynton, and Lyn-

mouth, Ley Abbey, and the Valley of Rocks, — all scenes in the story. A few miles inland we find Oare, where Plover's Barrows was; the Doone Valley, in which the outlaws had their stronghold; Badgeworthy Water and the Waterslide, up which John Ridd climbed with so much difficulty. On the other side of Exmoor are Dulverton, where Reuben Huckaback prospered under the sign of the "Gartered Kitten," — "an honest hosier and draper, serge and long-cloth warehouseman," as he described himself when the Doones robbed him and set him adrift on the moor, strapped, like Mazeppa, along the spine of a wild pony; North Molton, where a man of great renown, Tom Faggus the Highwayman, was born; and Tiverton, the chief boast of which used to be its worthy grammar school, founded and endowed in 1604 by "Master Peter Blundell, of that place, clothier."

✓ These are no trifling matters to read-

ers of the romance, though local histories and gazetteers may not take note of them. They are the verities ; while the family histories of Sir John This and Squire That, with their stag-hunting, and squabbles, and hard drinking, fade out of sight. It is not too much to say that of all that has been written about this part of Devon, nothing possesses us more than Mr. Blackmore's story ; and the steady march of history through social and political changes has left no footprints which are scanned with the same interest as those of the characters in the romance.

Blundell's is at Tiverton still, though changed in its habitation, and they had a Greek play there the other day ; they have more of the classics than knuckles now, but as Exmoor is uncrossed by the railway, which is so destructive of ancient things, innovation has displaced less there than in other parts of the country. ✓ To reach Porlock, Oare, Lyn-

mouth, or Lynton, we must travel by coach; and though the distance from London is less than two hundred and fifty miles, the journey takes a day. The roads are hilly and solitary, but in good condition; too good to satisfy the imagination, which would welcome as a novelty, in these pampered days, such vicissitudes as John Ridd and John Fry met on their way from Tiverton to Oare, — the sloughs in which the horses sank to the withers, the gibbets with their grewsome pendants, and which were the only guideposts to reassure the traveller groping his way through the fog.

“Then there came a mellow noise, very low and mournsome; not a sound to be afraid of, but to long to know the meaning of, with a soft rise of the hair. Three times it came and went, as the shaking of a thread might pass away into the distance, and then I touched John Fry, to know that there was something near me;” so writes John Ridd.

“ ‘Doon’t ’e be a vule, Jan! Vaine moozick as iver I ’eer! God bless the man as made un do it.’

“ ‘Have they hanged one of the Doones, then, John?’

“ ‘Hush, lad ; niver talk laike o’ thiccy. Hang a Doone ! Hang a Doone ! God knows, it’s the King would hang pretty quick if her did.’

“ ‘Then who is it in the chains, John?’

“ I felt my spirits rise as I asked, for now I had crossed Exmoor so often as to hope that the people sometimes deserved it, and think that it might be a lesson to the rogues who unjustly loved the mutton they were never born to.”

✓ We also miss the excitement (a very pleasurable excitement it must have been, unless the literature of the highwayman cannot be believed) of falling in with any knight of the road, such as the ingenious Tom Faggus, and seeing him gallop off, cocked hat in hand, an epigram on his lips, and our watch in his pocket.] There

are no highwaymen on Exmoor ; but let all travellers beware of " The Carnarvon Arms " at Dulverton.

✓ The moor is wild and vacant enough, however ; and he who loves solitude may have his fill of it, if he keeps out of a few beaten paths, like the Doone Valley. As far as he can see, nothing appears to him but the moor, swelling with the softest curves, and dressed with heather, gorse, and the trembling plumes of bracken ; the sprinkled gold of the gorse is lost sight of in the rich flood of purple heather, but the scent of both is blown through the air by the sea wind ; for the moor ends on its northern edge in a wall of cliffs. White mountains of clouds float over him ; he hears the bleating of sheep, and sees the gulls circling from the shelves of the precipice. He may have all this world to himself, day after day, and thus be nursed by the wind and the clouds. Nothing will break his isolation but the bark of a collie, or, towards

evening, the chatter of some fruit-gatherers, who are going home with baskets of blackberries and whortleberries.

Evening is the time of all times to see the beauties of the moor. The light steals quickly out of the combes, and leaves them in abysses of shadow: their depths increase, and the crests of the land look like islands raised above their purple gulfs. As the sun descends, a shining causeway opens to it — a misleading pathway of shimmering light, which seems to be too high for the sea. It is a sunburst from a cloud, we say; it cannot be the sea. But then a fleck crosses it, a darkened sail, and we know that it is the sea, after all, spreading out hundreds of feet below us, beyond the farthest headland, — beyond Highveer Point, Great Hangman, and Little Hangman, all of them of good height, though inferior to Dunkery Beacon, which is the highest point of Exmoor.

One other sound, besides the wash of

the wave, the rustle of the bracken, the ✓“ah-ah-ah” of the gulls, may chance come over the moorland, a sound that will remind those who hear it of the noise that mystified the inmates of Plover’s Barrows Farm, though its cause is not the same. It begins with pulsations, as of the gush of water on soft turf, followed by the accelerated patter of a heavy rain, and that soon is magnified by the beat of hoofs; voices become recognizable, though blurred and obscured by the more penetrating yelp of hounds and the thumping breathing of horses. The caves of the sea have let loose upon our quietude an army of destruction, but it passes us with its goadings and strainings, and leaves us to peace again with explanations in after-thoughts. That any explanation should be needed would probably be as good a joke as could be heard at dinner that night at any country house in the triangle between Minehead and Dulverton,

and Dulverton and Lynmouth. Who does not know that the oldest family of the neighborhood is that of the wild red deer, who was here before the Conquest, and fostered after the Conquest to such an extent that death or mutilation was the penalty upon any one less than the king who harmed him? He is protected still, though he is said to be a very destructive creature, capable of doing much mischief in the field of turnips or of ripe corn. He is such a devil of a fellow that when he is among the turnips he will take only a bite out of each and throw the rest away. So royal an animal, so familiar with the ways of sport, cannot be so ignoble as to complain after so much protection, when there is a "meet" to hunt him down.

It would be unfair to the reader to let him think that this country is altogether unspoiled by the tourist and all the evils that follow in the tourist's train. ✓ Large hotels have grown up at Lynton and

Lynmouth, and precarious and dirty excursion boats } bring "cheap-trippers" from Swansea, Cardiff, and Bristol, — only a few, however, compared with the crowds who go to Ilfracombe. The water is too shallow for the steamers to come alongside the jetty, and even in good weather the landing can be made only in small boats. In some tides and winds these do not dare to put out; and those of the trippers who have meant to land here are carried on to Ilfracombe, which is noisy enough to suit them better.

✓ But though the "twin sisters," as Lyn-ton and Lynmouth are called, have not wholly escaped the vanities of changing fashions, they have lost but little of their quietude and beauty. The distance between them is height alone: Lynton is at the head of the same cliff under which Lynmouth lies in a winding little street, with the East Lynn and the West Lynn flowing into it out of thickly wooded combs and dancing together over

bowlders into the sea. Everywhere behind us rise cliffs and hills, heather-clad on the tops, which roll away on to the moorland, but on the lower slopes mantled with a luxuriant foliage, which descends until it is bathed with the salt spray. Wherever there is a clearing, it is a garden overflowing with color; wherever there is a wall, some vine has taken fond possession of it and wrapped it up. Reaching down to the entrance of the little harbor (a harbor large enough only for smacks), are strings of ancient cottages, pink, pale blue, and yellow, with thatched roofs and leaded casements, and roses, fuchsias, and ivy climbing over them. Some of them face the street, with gardens choked up with geraniums, hollyhocks, marigolds, sweet-williams, sweet pease, and sunflowers, and in the rear hang over the stream, with little tropical balconies, and stairs to the water's edge. An elbow of sea-wall, with an old tower at

the end of it, shelters a smack or two, glossy as a porpoise with a pellicle of coat upon coat of tar, and beyond that the breakers rush in and roar over a floor of loose, tumbled bowlders. Sit you down there on the parapet and listen to the gulls as they take their protesting chickens farther and farther out and nearer to the voluminous white clouds that follow the south-west wind across the channel like smoke from volcanic explosions.) The splash of the rivers is like a minor chord woven through the sombre harmony of the surf, and the land-birds are still audible along the shore ; the air has lost its sting since it came down from the moor, and has picked up in the gardens other scents besides heather. Sit you down here, and be silent and content ; or, if you will have conversation, there is a fisherman with a beard of gold and a face of fire : he is always propped in his blue Guernsey shirt against the sea-wall, he or his

mate, who has knowledge of the same things, no more and no less.

It was on a walk to Lynton from Stowey, by the way, that the ancient mariner appeared in a vision to Wordsworth and Coleridge; and the same pair of poets had selected the Valley of Rocks above as the scene of "The Wanderings of Cain."

✓ There are more shops and houses at Lynton than at Lynmouth, and nothing to compare with the lovely old harbor; but just to the westward of the town lie the Valley of Rocks and the Devil's Cheese Wring, under which was the den of the old witch, Mother Melldrum. The valley is a sloping trough on the inner side of the cliffs, which rise to a great height along this part of the coast. On one side of it there is a fairly smooth hill, clothed with bracken, gorse, and heather; but on the other, huge bare rocks are piled up in shattered masses, and edge the sky in a crocketed line

much more savage than the crests of the moors, which usually have a long, curved, reposeful sweep. The mouth of the valley opens on leagues of promontories, with bays between, — Wringcliff Bay, Ley Bay, and Heddon's Mouth ; but set in the middle of it, like a fang, is a sharp, dark gray peak, with caverns and a chafing ring of surf around its base. This is Castle Rock ; and directly opposite to it, on the smoother slope of the valley, the Cheese Wring stands, slab upon slab, as though placed there by the derrick of a mason. A mile farther along the coast, Duty Point is pushed out into the sea, and under its shoulder is Ley Abbey, which in John Ridd's time was the haunt of smugglers. " But De Whichchalse, our great magistrate, certified that there was no proof of unlawful importation, neither good cause to suspect it, at a time of Christian charity ; and we knew that it was a foul thing for some quarrymen to say that

night after night they had been digging a new cellar at Ley Manor to hold the little marks of respect found in the caverns at high-water weed."

✓ Nearly everywhere in the neighborhood there is something to remind us of Lorna Doone and John Ridd. The visitors go forth in the morning, book in hand, and make it the gospel for the day. They climb the Foreland at Countisbury, explore the caves at Ley Abbey, and try to construct hollows in the Cheese Wring to hold a witch. In the churchyards they find more than one John Fry and John Ridd sleeping in sight of the moor and sea; though there is no John Ridd at Oare, and no farm called Plover's Barrows. But Oare itself can have changed very little, and answers to the novelist's description. The little church, which could hardly hold more than a score of parishioners, and has no need to, is hidden from the road by lofty trees, in which the nests

of rooks look like a dark fruit, and over one corner of the churchyard a gnarled ash knots itself, suggesting an antiquity fully as remote as that of the great winter described by Mr. Blackmore. Nicholas Snowe still lives in the parish ; and less than two miles away from Oare the Badgeworthy Water rushes down under the old bridge at Malmsmead, and we stand at the portals of the Doone Valley, holding our breath in anticipation of the chasms, the sombre crags, the sinister bogs, and the treacherous " Waterslide " that we are to see.

But there will be disappointment and chagrin here, unless the reader who follows in our footsteps grants to the romancer the same license in description that he has in his characters. Is Mr. Blackmore's imagination to have no play at all ? Is he to be considered as a pedagogue with a primer of geography in his hand ? or a surveyor with a link and chain and a theodolite, setting down

boundaries and dimensions to the fraction of an inch? Those who take him in that sense explore the Doone Valley without seeing its beauties, and come out of it sore from unrewarded efforts to put a rainbow in a bottle.

✓ The valley is bare and wild, and near ^{Doone} the upper end are several mounds, which are said to mark the location of the Doone huts; but the scenery is less stupendous than that of the Valley of Rocks, or of many ravines in the course of the East Lynn. One agrees with Reuben Huckaback, that it is a poor place for an ambuscade. Then the "Waterslide," what if it is not appalling, and that it is not more than a few inches deep? It is very pretty, and the way the stream seems to gelatinate over a dark slab in its course is very curious. There is enough resemblance to the description to justify the theory that Mr. Blackmore sat here one day wanting a scene for John Ridd's adventure, and

that forthwith, in obedience to his magic powers, everything in the glen became magnified a hundred times. He cannot remember whether he did or not, and memory is not a part of the art of fiction. All that he will say lies in a note now before me: "I could hardly tell — with long attempts at memory — whence and how I picked up the odds and ends, some of which came from my grandfather (rector of Oare), *circa* 1790, and later. I know not how early, or how late, for he never lived there, but rode across the moors to give them a sermon every other Sunday. And when he became too old for that my uncle used to do it for him."

In Cornwall with an Umbrella.

LITTLE is left of imaginative simplicity in the English peasantry. The smock-frock is a thing of antiquity; the insular capacity for wonderment that made any stranger an object of attention in the small villages has vanished in the light which comes from common schools and newspapers — an illumination which often leaves an irreverent and prosaic acuteness in place of the more interesting, if also more deplorable, credulity of ignorance. England is still picturesque in the calm spirit of its life and in its beautiful landscape, but its rustics have lost most of that oddity of character which made them seem belated in contrast with the knowingness of American villages twenty

years ago. The bicyclist and pedestrian have invaded every corner, and have communicated some sort of enlightenment where they have sojourned. The old inns have modern appliances; and at some time or other many of the people, taking advantage of "excursions," have felt the disillusionment and expansive influence of London.

This superstitious and crude simplicity of character was preserved in Cornwall longer than in any other county. For centuries its geographical position discouraged intruders. The Celtic population held to its primitive language, and little new blood was introduced to ameliorate its austere and difficult temperament. From the period when the Phœnicians came to Cassiterides, like importunate creditors, for tin, and the Druids practised their ceremonial and picturesque hypocrisies, this wild territory, girt by the sea on all its boundaries except the north-east, was fertile in legend and witchcraft.

The nursery Jack who killed the giant Cormoran was born at Land's End. King Arthur hovered above the western coast in the form of a bird. The "evil-eye" worked its spells, and was recognized by the peculiar form of the ball, which was sometimes clear and lustrous, and at other times covered with a filmy gauze; or the pupil was ringed twice. Any one afflicted by the malevolent glance could relieve himself by bringing away a piece of bread from the hands of the priest at sacrament, and carrying it round the church a certain number of times at midnight. He was then met by a big venomous toad, gaping and gasping; and when he put the bread into the reptile's mouth, it breathed upon him three times, and thenceforth the evil-eye could not have any influence upon him. Whistling brought a gentle breeze to the farmer when winnowing his corn, and a favorable wind to the sailor. There were phantom ships and spirits in the storm-clouds.

The pixies were sociable, though disposed to be mischievous ; they appeared on the hearth-stones unexpectedly, and disappeared as suddenly through the key-holes, without exciting any alarm. They were conciliated by amiability and courage. A farmer's boy was once sent from Portallow to a neighboring village for some household necessities ; and on his way home, when it was dark, he heard a voice saying, "I'm for Portallow Green." "As you are going my way," thought he, "I may as well have your company ;" and he too cried, "I'm for Portallow Green." Instantly he found himself on the Green, surrounded by a throng of little laughing pixies, who now cried, "I'm for Seaton Beach," —a place between Looe and Plymouth, several miles distant. Instead of trying to escape from them, however, the boy rejoined, "I'm for Seaton Beach ;" and in another moment he was whisked off to Seaton, where the pixies danced

around him until the cry was changed to, "I'm for the King of France's cellar." He offered no objection to even so long a journey as this. "I'm for the King of France's cellar," cried the adventurous youth, as he dropped his parcel on the beach, not far from the edge of the tide. Immediately he found himself in a spacious cellar, tasting the finest wines. The pixies then took him through rooms fitted up with a splendor that quite dazzled him, and in one of the halls the tables were spread for a feast. Though in the main an honest lad, he could not resist the temptation to take away some memorial of his travels, and he pocketed one of the silver goblets. "I'm for Seaton Beach," once more cried the pixies; and he having repeated the words, they bore him with them, and reached the place in time to save his parcel from the flowing tide. The next destination was Portallow, where they left him to deliver

his parcel to his mistress, who complimented him on his despatch. "You'd say so, if you only know'd where I've been. I've been with the pixies to Seaton Beach, and I've been to the King of France's house, and all in five minutes." The farmer said he was "mazed" — mad. "I thought you'd say I was mazed," answered the lad, "so I brought away this mug to show vor it," producing the goblet, which secured credence for his story, and became the heirloom of many generations.

If the pixies have survived these rationalistic times, it seems most likely to be in this country of Druidical remains, of massive cairns, and of "logging" stones, whose ponderous bulk sways at the touch of a woman's hand, while resisting any more violent disturbance. Cornwall was one of the last of the counties to admit a railway, and the Falmouth coach still maintained its glory when the others lay dismantled

in their stable-yards. But that era is past; and now, with a purse and an umbrella, a tourist may see a good deal of Cornwall without inconvenience as to conveyance, though it is probable that both the umbrella and the money, unless the latter exceed twenty pounds, will be exhausted in less than two weeks.

An umbrella is essential in Cornwall. That mild equability of climate which it has been said would lead a Spaniard to suppose that there was no summer, a Canadian that there was no winter, and an American that the sun never shines, is attended by frequent rains at all seasons; and unless the visitor is prepared to be content for days together with a steady falling rain, it is more than probable that he will be defeated in his sight-seeing. The humidity is constant and general. The moisture in the air holds and reveals the colors of the light, and often imparts a foreign richness to all physical objects. It seems like an-

other sky than England's, softer and silkier. The clouds that fly over have abundant signs of rain, even when they pass without emitting it; and the sea that breaks all along the bristling shore pales under constant mists. The vegetation responds to all these benefactions with a luxuriance that covers nearly all things out-of-doors. At many places the crimson drops of the fuchsias hang before the cottage fronts up to the dormer windows and wide eaves of the roofs, upon which grows a moss that mixes its green with the dull yellow of the thatch. On the exposed coast the rocks often have a coating of lichens, and the waxy myrtle leaves few walls undraped.

The geographical form of the county and its climate are very enticing to birds. Every year it is the first land visited and the last quitted by the innumerable flocks, which, coming from North-western Africa and South-western

Europe, spread themselves throughout England during the summer; and in the winter its comparatively warm climate is sought by many other birds, driven by cold and want of food from various parts of Great Britain. Four hundred birds are recognized as British, and of these two hundred and ninety have been observed in Cornwall.

The climate is one of the most curious things about Cornwall. The month of January at Penzance is as warm as at Madrid, Florence, and Constantinople, while July is as cool as at St. Petersburg in that month. The Gulf Stream, that stands off to the west, warms the wind from that direction, and sends it forward to defeat the rigorous blasts from the north-east. But this air that is so kindly in winter is a tyrant in summer, and, as a local writer has prettily said, "rolls in, cloud on cloud, till the sun is obscured by masses of vapor, which day after day no ray of his can

pierce; then long pendent streams of condensing vapor float over the languishing ears of corn, or descend in heavy rain to retard and injure the harvest." It is the west wind that makes an umbrella essential in Cornwall; and we were quite resigned when, sitting in the "Flying Zulu," the fast train that was to carry us from London to Plymouth, nearly two hundred and fifty miles, in a little more than five hours, we saw the fateful rain streaming down the windows of the car.

Ever since the adventurous Phœnicians came to its shores, concealing their destination from their neighbors in order to keep the business to themselves, the chief resource of Cornwall has been its minerals. What Diodorus Siculus said on the subject is a matter of school history, to which we need scarcely refer. The Phœnicians found the traffic profitable, and spoke well of the people who maintained them in it. After their day

the tin was transported to Gaul, and thence on pack-horses to the mouth of the Rhone. The demand for the metal was increased in the sixth and seventh centuries by the fashion of putting bells in the cathedrals and churches of Western Europe, and the introduction of cannon added to it. It was found in the several large surfaces of granite which protrude through clay-slate in Cornwall, and it was also procured in small grains and nodules deposited in alluvial sands and gravels. It reached the market in blocks weighing something over three hundred pounds.

There is no such romance attaching to the mines of Cornwall as that of the Comstock Lode in Nevada, no such haphazard speculation, city-building, and fortune-making. It has been underground plodding for very little more than the same amount of toil on the surface would bring. A speculation that netted thirty thousand pounds in thirty-

four years demands a note of exclamation at the end of the announcement. But as the miners of the Comstock Lode sought for gold, and, in their ignorance, for some years overlooked the greater advantage of mining the superabundant silver, so the miners of Cornwall for centuries ignored the deposits of copper in the eagerness to find tin. The copper did not exist in large quantities; but the deposits were worth mining, though their value was not appreciated until late in the eighteenth century. In 1789 the production of copper ore in Cornwall alone was 33,281 tons, worth £184,308; in 1860 it had reached its maximum quantity, 180,883 tons, and its maximum value, £1,071,063 — these figures including both Devonshire and Cornwall — and since then it has gradually declined. All the mining interests of Cornwall are decayed. About three-fourths of the mines are suspended or abandoned, and those in operation employ a small number of

“hands” at reduced wages. “If you want to see our Cornish miners,” we were told, “you must go to Pennsylvania, to Lake Superior, to Nevada; you’ll find very few of them in Cornwall.”

When we pulled up our blinds at Redruth one morning, it was a dispiriting view that we opened. Redruth is the mining centre, a small town in the south-western part of the county, two hundred and sixty-one miles from London. It consists principally of a main street extending up and down a valley, in a sorry and scarred country, where the chimneys of many mines spring up. As we looked out of the window, a drizzling rain was sifting through a mist which hung over the barren landscape. The earth was not green or wooded. It had a fallow, exhausted look, and, except where the chimneys clustered, it was open and wild. When Nature holds treasure be-

neath the surface, she is generally morose in aspect above. A few miles off in the south-west we could see a lofty and isolated hill, crowned with a bleak and castellated building, which stood on the very apex in an attitude of sullen defiance. It seemed to have belonged to the scene as long as the hill itself, a memorial of unnumbered and unremembered generations. The eminence was Karn Brea, the last hill in England, from which on fair days the sea is visible on three sides of the county.

The sides are tangled with gorse and withered ferns, and immense granite bowlders are imbedded in patches of fine close grass. The slope is sufficient to make the ascent moderately difficult. When it is reached, the house on the summit is found to be neither as large nor as ancient as it appears from a distance; but proximity to it increases the interest in its architecture. A mass of bowlders is piled up as if with an un-

finished design. The bowlders are of enormous size, and all sorts of shapes, though usually rounded on the edges and at the corners. They each weigh many tons, and are probably not less than thirty feet in circumference. As their bed is a soft and grassy earth, and as the usual signs of detrition are not apparent about them, and their disposition indicates some intelligent purpose, the way by which they have been accumulated excites a degree of curiosity which cannot be definitely satisfied. Antiquarians associate the hill with the Druids: there are hollows in some of the stones, which, it is imagined, were used in the sacrifices by which the Druids upheld the dignity and efficacy of their rites. A chapel once stood near the summit, and cromlechs have been discovered by excavation. But the chief interest is in the house or castle, which is posed upon a Titanic group of the bowlders, the inequalities of their surface being rectified

by the insertion of smaller stones ; and though this foundation seems to be in jeopardy with every gale, it has supported its burden at least since the time of Edward IV. The interior has been plastered into shape as a laborer's dwelling, and has nothing in it to remind one of the age of its shell. "No hand ever put these stones together," said the laborer's wife, as she served us with a cup of tea ; "but water dug and shaped them out," which, all things considered, is the most reasonable hypothesis.

There is also on the summit a high pillar of granite erected in 1836 to commemorate a nobleman whose deeds, which are not historic, should have been colossal to justify this monument, which painfully intrudes on every view.

On all sides of Karn Brea the mines have left their scars, and the excoriated earth has a purple tinge. But there is little movement, little smoke from the

high chimneys, and the scaffolding over the disused shafts is like the skeleton of the departed industry.

Picking our way through the purplish mud and stones below the Karn, we discovered a little old woman laboring over a pile of unmilled copper ore. We had to look twice before we could assure ourselves of her sex: not only was her dress perplexing, but there was an unreality and weirdness in her person. She was very small, almost dwarfish, with bent shoulders and wrinkled hands and face; her skin had the texture of parchment, and was curiously mottled with blue; her hair was thin and wiry. She seemed very old; but her eyes had a shrewd and penetrating quickness, and her movements were utterly without decrepitude. Indeed, she applied herself to her work with the willing vigor of a strong young man; and the work consisted of shovelling the heavy blocks of ore into a small wagon resting on

a temporary tramway. Shovelful after shovelful was thrown in with an easy muscular swing, and with much more activity than the average "navvy" ever exhibits. Her petticoats ended above the ankle, and were stained with the hue of the copper ore; her shapeless legs were muffled up in woollen wraps, and her feet incased in substantial brogans. She was not apparently uncomfortable bodily; but her face had in it a look of uncomplaining suffering, of unalterable gravity, of a habituated sorrow which had extinguished all possibility of a smile. Not understanding a question which we put to her, she used the words, "Please, sir?" — a form of interrogation which we often heard in the neighborhood of Redruth. "You seem to be old for such hard work," we repeated. "'Deed, sir, I don't know how old I am, but I've been at it this forty years. I'm not young any longer, that's sure," she answered, in a clear

voice with scarcely any accent. "Are you married?" "No, sir; nobody would ever have me," she continued, without relaxing from her gravity or delaying her work for a moment: "nobody would have me or go with me, as I was always subject to fits—terrible they are. I still have 'em once or twice a week sometimes, always with a change in the moon." "How do you account for it?" "Why, before my twenty-fourth year I was in the service of a lady, who threw me down-stairs, and that changed my blood; so, when the moon changes, I have the fits. Little can be done for them when the blood's changed." This superstition was a matter of profound faith with her, but otherwise her manner was remarkably intelligent. She told us that her wages were fourteenpence—twenty-eight cents—a day; and when we unnecessarily said that she must be tired of work at such a price, she answered in a bitter tone, "No use being

tired; when you are tired, there's the workhouse for you."

She had nearly filled the wagon by this time; and two younger women, dressed as she was, but more vigorous looking, came to help her; and after spitting on their hands, which were as large and as hard as any man's, they applied themselves with shovels to the heap of ore, falling into a machine-like swing of the body as they scooped up the heavy rock. Two men afterward joined them; and when the wagon was loaded, they propelled it along the track toward the mill, the women sharing the work equally with the men, if, indeed, they did not use even greater exertions.

The employment of women underground is now forbidden by law, the degradation resulting from it having been perceived by English legislators only when it had become flagitious; but of thirteen thousand persons engaged in the mines, about two thousand are

women, who are employed in various parts of the process of dressing the ore. In the simpler operations, very young girls are useful ; and at the mill we found a large number of them — the daughters of miners usually — some of them pretty, and all of them neatly clothed and intelligent, even pert in manner. They can all write ; and they have an appetite for literature of the Adolphus-Adelina sort, which they devour in penny instalments when their work is slack. There was a time within the memory of men not yet old when an English peasant, spoken to by a well-dressed stranger, was completely overcome, and his abashment took the form of paralysis. But the spirit of the age is not favorable to the cultivation of diffidence or reverence ; the travelling stranger is no longer a hero, and no longer embarrassed by gaping attentions.

Even a learned antiquarian, in alluding to the origin of Karn Brea, which

near the summit is a rabbit-warren, and therefore an attractive place to poachers, did not think a little jocularly ill-timed in the consideration of so serious a subject. It is most interesting, he said to his audience, which was quite unexpected of any approaching levity, to contemplate the successive periods through which Cornwall has passed from the early times, when there were native burying-places, to the cromlech period, the cromlechs seeming to have belonged to different races passing to the south; after the cromlech period, the Karn shows evidences of the Roman period; then of the early Middle Ages, and of the late Middle Ages. He once found articles of the Roman-British time, and, finally, said this playful *savant*, he found a ferret bell.

The artist who shared our umbrella in Cornwall used his sketch-book while we were watching the young women in the mill, and they were not at all discon-

certed when they observed him. Though his manner is characterized by a dignified reserve discouraging to familiarity, one of these young persons saucily said to her neighbor, "He's going to put you into a panorama!"

Except the old woman whose blood had been changed, we did not meet with any one who entertained any sort of superstition, and who did not more or less frustrate us in our search for the unleavened and old-fashioned simplicity of character which we expected to find in Cornwall. Those to whom we spoke took as an offence to their intelligence our insidiously framed questions, which were designed to betray them into a confession of faith in witchcraft. The sufferer from "fits," in the olden time, either went into the churchyard at midnight, and cut from one of the spouts three bits of lead, each about the size of a farthing, or, if it was a young woman, she sat in the church-porch after service, and as the young

men passed, each of them dropped a penny into her lap, until the thirtieth came ; he took up the pence, and substituted half a crown for them ; and with this coin in her hand, she walked three times round the communion table (when she could get the opportunity, which was a matter of some difficulty, as the minister was not friendly to this sort of thing), and afterward had the half-crown made into a ring, which was a charm against the disease. But even the old woman's credulity did not go as far as this ; she used a patent medicine.

One day, near Land's End, we met a very infirm old man, who had difficulty in dragging one leg after the other, and whose clothes were of an antiquated pattern, to which we fancied his ideas might correspond. He was benign and unsuspecting ; it seemed probable that at the extremity of this very much modernized island we had found one individual in whom legend still bloomed, with its roots

deep down in the imagination. His infirmity was caused by rheumatism, and the old Cornish cure for this complaint was the bathing of the parts afflicted with water in which a thunder-bolt had been boiled. "What do you do for it?" we inquired; and he looked so very simple that we felt sure that he sought relief by other means than the vulgar nostrums of the chemist's shop. "Well," he said, "it isn't much good doing anything; but I mostly try Turkish baths and galvanism."

A local poet has written : —

"The world has grown so wise and grand,
There's scarce a witch in all the land."

It is indeed so. Cornwall reminds us of an old castle which has been stripped of its mantle of ivy. The vine may have been poisonous and weakening to the structure, but it was more beautiful to look at than the naked stones. The superstitions of the people may have

been weeds rooted in ignorance, but they were more interesting than the prosaic and unimaginative condition which their extraction has left.

We entered the county where the Tamar, reaching up to the north from the Channel, separates Cornwall from Devonshire — at the busy and picturesque city of Plymouth, where war seems to be an ever-present possibility, and red-coats and blue-jackets preponderate on the streets. The trumpets blare all day long, and the vast iron-clads and transports of the navy are constantly passing in and out of the beautiful harbor on imperial errands. The Sound is an irregular bay, with the city at the head of it, about three miles from the sea. An enemy would be under the cover of guns from all quarters, so well is the harbor fortified; but in these times of peace the terraced embankments of granite and turf, with bases of spiked black rocks, are inviting to loungers, and the

brownest of the Jack Tars lying on the grass has most likely never seen in his large experience of the world a more interesting picture than Plymouth Sound with its fleets of war and commerce, its cliffs reaching to Rame Head at the estuary, the long breakwater that shuts out the violence of the storms, and the softly green heights of Mount Edgcombe on the Cornwall shore.

For several miles up the river we pass along a continuous line of war vessels at anchor, all "in ordinary," dismasted and apparently abandoned: some of them ludicrously deficient in the speed and strength which their names imply, some that look like immense fortresses, and some that are of the latest pattern. The old line-of-battle ships, two and three deckers, the smaller steam-frigates, the early iron-clad propellers, and the compact turret ships of recent build, are drawn up between the peaceful banks of the Tamar, even beyond the magnificent

bridge, half a mile long, one hundred and twenty feet above high-water mark, with which the daring genius of Brunel spanned the river some twenty years ago. From underneath the vertical piers the bridge looks like a great screen, so disproportionate is its width to its length and height. It has only one track upon it, and the trains passing over it are reduced in appearance to the size of toys.

On the summit of the west bank, it touches the village of Saltash, which is built down the hillside to the water's edge, and which is like most other fishing villages in Cornwall — clean, solidly put together, unornamental, and a whitish-gray in color. The deficiency of color is dispiriting to the artist who has come from the contemplation of the more opulent architecture of the Continent. The cottages, one and two stories high, of concrete, brick, and stone, with diamond-paned windows, have been de-

signed to shelter, without any other idea than utility. Their white or yellow walls seem to be vertical strata of the indigenous rock of their foundations. The sashes and the doors are painted black, and the streets are made of gray macadam. What little color there is gains brilliancy from contrast with these quiet surroundings. The verdure is the greenest, and the fuchsias blaze in relief. Up on the hill, with a somewhat disorderly little graveyard enclosing it, is a serious-looking, square-towered church, like many others in Cornwall, of gray sandstone, well worn by the weather of centuries, which has smoothed all the edges. The church is nearly seven hundred years old,—the tower older; and where time has made a gap or a seam, the “restoration” has been effected in the most economical way. The concrete used to fill in has included the fragments of the ruined part, and bits of gargoyles and other carved work are

found imbedded in the plaster. Look from the houses to the people — there is an infallible correspondence. The men are brown and strong, a little sad, with large frames, but no spare flesh ; and the women, who are grand at the oar, are scarcely their inferiors in physical proportions. They are frank and independent in manner, gathering their living from the sea. There is little vice among them — the smart dresses and chubby faces of their children are certain indications of domestic virtue ; but that some of them fall to the besetting sin of the English may be inferred from what we heard one of them say of a neighbor : “ He wass as dhrunk as fourty maintops’l-sheet blocks.”

We went to Liskeard on fair-day, trusting that the occasion would bring in some farmers from out-of-the-way places whose character would be more quaint than that which we had so far seen. But Liskeard proved to be grievously

intelligent; and the men who had cattle for sale bore an extraordinary resemblance to Yankee farmers, with sharp features and wiry beards without whiskers or mustaches. They were dressed almost exactly alike, and a hat of one pattern was among them all. A chilling wind and a pouring rain did not affect the business or the amusements. A shivering acrobat, whose white cotton tights were wet through, went on with his performance unconcernedly in the mud of the open street; while a very small and pathetic clown with a pinched face squeaked his well-worn witticisms to an audience under umbrellas and mackintoshes. One of the poor tumbler's feats was the familiar rope-trick; and an old farmer, with a face in which cunning and resoluteness were blended in marked proportions, accepted his challenge to tie him up in such a way that he could not release himself. There was no nonsense in the way the old farmer went

about the business. He pursed up his thin blue lips, and never a smile passed over his hard features. Here was the old Puritan witch-burner destroying an impostor, and exulting in merciless justice. He used length after length of the rope; he pinioned the wrists, bound ankle to ankle, and secured the waist to the neck so that his victim could not move without turning purple in the face. The odds seemed to be wholly against the poor Bohemian, who made unavailing objections to the manner of his treatment; while the muddy little clown, in the vermilion of whose cheeks the fast-falling rain had left some dingy streaks, endeavored to divert the farmer from his purpose by irritating and even insulting remarks. But the farmer applied himself undividedly to what he had set about; and when he had nearly exhausted himself, and wholly used up the rope, he contemptuously shoved Jack the acrobat into the centre of the ring

which had been formed, and passed without a word into the surrounding crowd. Jack had evidently caught a Tartar: he stood shivering, abject, and dismayed. This was but for a moment, however. Then an involuntary thrill seemed to pass through his body, and the rope fell in a tangled heap at his feet, as the musician of the troupe with pandean pipes and a drum sent up a victorious flourish from his instruments.

The farmer went off in silent discomfiture; but in recognition of the performer's skill, the crowd threw many pennies into the ring, and united in the opinion that "A was a stunner, a was."

The dialect of Cornwall is not difficult to a stranger; it is much easier to understand than that of Yorkshire or that of Lancashire, and yet many of the words in use in this southernmost county of England are also current in the north, though they are not heard in the intermediate country. In general the lan-

guage is spoken with an accent rather than with any dialect; and the voice has a rising inflection, which reaches its extreme pitch in the last syllable, as in the English spoken by the Welsh. A few provincialisms have survived, however, with which a stranger may be confused. What could be made of such a description as this of a child? "A es a pinnikin, palchy, an totlin. A es clicky an cloppy, an a kiddles an quaddles ole day. Tes wisht." It means: "He is little, weakly, and imbecile. He is left-handed and lame, and he fidgets idly about all day. It is sad." Some of the local words have an indigenous vigor which immediately becomes apparent when once their meaning is known. Thus, to be "footy" is to be queer, mincing, or affected; a "letterpatch" is a slovenly person; to "gaddle" is to drink much and quickly; to "ruxt" is to be uneasy on a seat; to "dowst" is to lower away, as the sails of a vessel,

or to put out, as a light; to "flosk" is to spill; an "okum-sniffey" is a small, comfortable glass of grog; and to "somp" is to prolong the drinking of a glass of grog by adding water and spirits to it from time to time without emptying it. While we were at Penzance a high-pressure sermon was delivered against modern unbelief; and a fisherman who was asked what he thought of the preacher answered, "Aw! a stunner a was. He es the boy for the inferels. Iss aw iss; and a sent the sances to shivereens too. Es no good for ould Bardarlagh or Darby to come where a es." Which meant: "He's very clever. He is the boy for the infidels; and he sent the sciences to shivereens also. It's no use for Bradlaugh or Darwin to come where he is." But the dialect is not usually unintelligible; and a fair example of it as it is heard to-day, is a speech addressed by an old miner to the late Mr. Tregellas, a well-known

writer and lecturer on Cornish character. "I've heerd, Maaster T'egellas," said the miner, "that you are a-goin' to give a lecture here to-night in the Town Hall; and I've heerd, too, that you are goin' to say somefin about me. Now, mind what I say. I'll go to thickey lecture, I will; and ef you diew say anything about me theere, I'll get up in the middle of the congregation, and tell 'em all tes a lie what you said—iss I will." Mr. Tregellas did not accept the challenge.

From Liskeard it is about seven miles to Looe by one of the narrow-gauge railways, which, though built for the mines, and called "mineral roads," are also utilized by passengers. Looe is on the English Channel, near the mouth of a river, occupying both banks, which are so steep that the roof of one house is often on a level with the first floor of the next house on the slope. It has a foreign air. One can almost shake hands from window to window across

the streets, which course in an erratic fashion, and end in confusion. There is an old Guildhall, with an ancient pillory in the portico; and there is a long and low dormer-windowed tavern, which from the outside seems to have been hewn out of the rock, so solid is it, and which inside has a great big settle enclosing the fire on three sides, on all of which a numerous company of fishermen may usually be found smoking in the flickering light, which throws occasional flashes of crimson on their faces. The vegetation drapes every wall, myrtle and fuchsias thriving together in a soft and beautiful web.

When Looe has been left behind, the details of its simple picture are easily recalled: the narrow and quiet little streets; the hillsides with their loose drapery; the white cottages with black doors and sashes; the weather-beaten men in blue "guernseys;" the deep green river flowing swiftly in from the

stormy Channel ; the cumbrous-looking yawls and sloops and schooners with rusty brown sails, moored alongside the granite quay ; The Jolly Sailors, with its picturesque front and offer of entertainment ; and old Parsons, the coast-guardsmen, constantly parading the seawall at the mouth of the harbor, and consulting an oracular telescope, with which he scrutinizes the horizon for impossible pirates and phantasmal smugglers. The feeling left by the review is one of the seriousness with which life is taken. Like most people living on the borders of the sea, those of Cornwall have a manner which declares a patient and lasting sorrow.

Of the three things — copper, tin, and fish — which Cornwall produces in the greatest abundance, the fish is a source of no little profit ; and when it is plentiful special thanksgiving services are held for it in the churches. It consists principally of pilchards, which are something like a

small herring — palatable when packed in oil, like sardines, as which they are sometimes sold to the unsuspecting public, and not objectionable when simply salted and broiled, or potted with vinegar, spices, and bay leaves. The pilchards are caught with certainty only off the coast of Cornwall, generally toward the end of October; and in a good season they arrive in such shoals that the advance guard strands on the low beaches through the pressure of those behind. The principal market for them is along the shores of the Mediterranean. It is said that seventy-five millions of them were caught in one day off St. Ives. But such good luck as this is uncommon, and a scarcity of recent years has left many a household in misery. Last season was unfortunate, and the gray clouds that hang over the coast reflect the dejection of the people.

The fishing villages are much alike —

Looe, Polperro, Megavissy (where most of the curing is done), and St. Ives. The last is, perhaps, the most interesting. It is on the west coast, built in the elbow of a cape, which forms the southern point of a spacious bay reaching some miles inland, and bounded by highlands, with a white shelving beach at the foot of the cliffs. The sea washes the back of many of the houses, to the doors of some of which boats are moored; and at high water in heavy weather it breaks noisily over the graveyard of the bleak little church. A strong gale was blowing from the south-west when we were there, and the harbor was full of coasting-vessels sheltering from the storm. Many of the smaller fishing-boats were drawn up in long black lines on the banks below Tregenna Castle, where they looked like cannon; the third wreck of the month was falling to pieces on the sands, and another fleet of larger fishing-boats was moored in the

western corner of the bay, under the lee of the jetty. On the jetty were a few disconsolate fishermen, looking out in that far-sighted way which those who go to sea have. Their lugubriousness was communicative. One of them told us that they "found" themselves, and were paid fifty shillings a month, with an allowance of one-ninth of the catch divided among each crew. He had just returned from a cruise along the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and had not even earned his "grub." "Happy bees them as never goes to say," he said, with good reason.

We had already been to Falmouth, the port of call near the Lizard, where a large portion of the outgoing vessels, trading with Great Britain, bid good-by to the shore, and where the crews of those inward bound feel the permanence and firmness of earth, and satisfy their eyes with the tranquillizing beauty of vegetation for the first time after their

voyages. Outside Pendennis Castle, which guards the mouth of the harbor, a fierce coast, with jagged pinnacles and perpendicular cliffs, lies north and south, and the land appears more forbidding than the wild sea. But once the castle is passed, Falmouth is gained, and opens its wide arms to the storm-driven vessels. The arms are a geographical fact, and not a figure of speech. The shores of the harbor are so embayed that they are over sixty miles in circumference, and it is about thirteen miles by them from Flushing to St. Mawes, though in a bee-line it is not more than three miles. They are grassy and wooded, and a ship's boat can land easily anywhere. Scarcely has the anchor been dropped from a homeward-bound vessel when (the captain being a good fellow) we see the pinnace or the cutter lowered away, and a part of the crew put off to rejoice like children in the fragrance of the earth. You meet

them in the fields beyond Flushing — browned to an aboriginal hue, with clothes stained and torn by tar and weather — and it is affecting to see their gladness in once more touching a leaf or a bough.

If it had been a wind-sail rigged in the Southern Ocean to receive every breath of air, Mount's Bay, in which Penzance is situated, could not have been more exposed to the wind than it was during that gale of which we felt the reduced vigor at St. Ives. From St. Ives, on the south-west coast, to Penzance on the south-east, the distance across the country is not more than ten miles. And when we reached the latter place in the afternoon the wind was blowing into the bay as into a funnel, and had whipped the sea into an awful fury. In the morning a fishing-boat had been wrecked, and all its crew of seven men drowned. And all day long the waves had been knocking for admittance against

the cottages on the esplanade, as if in derision of the notices of apartments to let in their windows. The sea exploded submarine torpedoes along the sea-wall, and threw up pillars to a height of sixty feet, which, in breaking, fell like driven snow over the roofs of the houses, smashing windows and breaking in doors where barricades had not been erected by the terrified inhabitants. The street fronting on the bay was strewn with stones several pounds in weight, which had been cast into it by the waves, and roofs three stories high were loaded with masses of sea-weed. The customary affirmation of fishing villagers that any storm which happens to be inquired about is the severest they have ever known became audible in this instance at Penzance. But on the next morning the sea was laughing and scattering jewels in the sun, and the sky was of the friendliest, most innocent, and blue.

Penzance is unfitted to endure storms.

She wears a garland all the year round ; and her January ornaments have been known to include hollyhocks, mignonettes, magnolias, and roses of all kinds.

The town is of good size, with a population of about ten thousand, which is increased by summer boarders and tourists going to the Land's End, ten miles distant. The high cliffs are not far away on either side ; but in the immediate vicinity the shore is low, and the loftiest object is St. Michael's Mount, the famous pyramid of granite, with the castle on its highest point, some two hundred and thirty feet above the sea. The Mount is ideally picturesque, and suggestive of romance. Isolated and not more than a few hundred yards from the shore, it looms up in solitary magnificence, encircled by the sea. The granite is craggy, and on the western side almost perpendicular ; but its cold gray is the setting of many patches of turf whose vivid green is not less than

emerald. At one time it was probably connected with the mainland, and even now the meeting of two currents of the ebb tide throws up a natural causeway, which is passable at low water. It was granted by Edward the Confessor to some monks; and after an exciting history, it became the possession of the St. Aubyn family, by whom the fortress on the height has been converted into a stately residence. The property is held in no ungenerous spirit. The grounds are open to the public, and the penniless dreamer may seat himself in the shadow of the crags and imagine himself sovereign. Strange ideas float through the brain in the contemplation of St. Michael's — of a miniature monarchy created to feed the vanity of its head, of outlawry defying ten thousand instruments of the law, of a hermitage where the prevailing disdain of mankind might be cultivated under the most favorable circumstances.

On the day after the storm the beach opposite the Mount was strewn to a depth of many feet with sea-weed; and from two o'clock in the morning, when the wind and sea abated, farmers' carts came to carry it away to fertilize their grounds. Nearly all the boats of the neighborhood had been destroyed during the previous day, and we had some difficulty in finding one to ferry us across. When we succeeded, and were well out, we noticed that the man at the forward oar was staring at us with curious intentness, and that all the orders proceeded from his mate, who was a much younger man. The latter then explained, "Jack's blind — hain't you, Jack?" Jack smiled as if some honor had been mentioned. "He ain't afraid to go anywhere with me, though — are you, Jack?" A confirmatory nod was given to this interrogation. "Goes out alone sometimes. If I say it's safe, it's all right — ain't it, Jack? We've

been mates these nineteen year, and many's the yarn we do have in winter."

Ten miles from Penzance, England ends. The country between has something like an appearance of fatigue, as if Nature had had enough of it. There is a good deal to interest the antiquary, but little of the beauty of fertility. There are ancient stone circles, cairns, and "logging" stones. The cottages are small, and the thatch is held down by stones slung across it by ropes. The gorse is more plentiful than the grass, and where there is a field it is enclosed by low walls of stone, the crevices of which are filled with earth. At last we stand on Cape Cornwall, the westernmost point, projecting beyond the savage and much-indented coastline. We can go no farther in England. The sea glitters before us, and the vessels on it plunge into the waves, and break through the foam. But the

glitter and openess of the sea and sky do not last. A squall flies up from the south, which turns the umbrella inside out, and once more we face the north.

Coaching Trips Out of London.

IF you travel across London, from one point of the compass to another, — from Kilburn to Lewisham, for instance, or from Hammersmith to Blackwall, — it seems that all of England *must* be town : the streets, shops, and houses, without any relieving signs of rusticity, except the parks and squares, repeat themselves beyond the bounds of any conceivable city, and we grow tired waiting for the end. But London is like a smoky pearl set in a circle of emeralds. Once out of it, though the escape is slow, and patience is needed, we come upon the England we dream of over the drawings of Abbey and Hugh Thomson, — the England of “The Quiet Life,” of fat meadows, flowing verdure, tiled and thatched

cottages, mossy, dripping millwheels, hawthorn hedges, inviting inns, and spacious parks, where the beeches and oaks throw out rounded, drooping volumes of foliage, that have the soft density of an exhalation, and where the cuckoo, lark, and nightingale are fearless visitors.

Who, dropping into Buckland, or Brockham Green, or Mickleham, or many villages like them, in the warm quiet of a summer's day, would find it hard to believe that the nineteenth century had not slipped them from its chain, and left them pendent to the eighteenth, but for a disillusionary hat or bonnet, and the red sign at the post-office?

Hardly a brick is to be seen that has not grown purple with age, and wrapped itself in moss and ivy. Here and there some renewal has been necessary; but the builders who put up many of the houses — half-timbered cottages and statelier mansions — were old when the eighteenth century was young. Antiquity

looks out from pedimented windows and pillared lodge-gates, and, with a no less placid face, from the small, leaded lattices of the cottages ; only the roses, the mignonette, and the other flowers, are young, and they spring from a remote ancestry. The may-pole might still be in the Strand, and St. Paul's as far away as St. Peter's, though the town and its passions are fretting and burning under the smoke, less than thirty miles off.

Come hither by train, if you are rushing home from business for the night ; but if you have leisure, and a fondness for rustic beauty, and things mellowed by age, and wish to enjoy the magic of the contrast, the only proper way is to come by coach. Twice a day, the coach for Box Hill, as well as that for Dorking, clatters through Mickleham, and the Reigate coach will drop you within an easy distance of Brockham Green and Buckland.

Because London is so environed with

beauty, and the roads are good, the coaches thrive ; and of the many pleasures of the season, there is nothing to compare with the trips they make, leaving town in the morning, and, with two exceptions, returning in the afternoon. You can go by them to Virginia Water, the lovely lake at the edge of Windsor Park, or to Windsor itself ; to Burnham Beeches, the noblest in the country — “ a brotherhood of venerable trees ; ” to quaint old Guildford, straggling down the Surrey hills ; to Hertford, by the way of Hatfield and Lord Salisbury’s demesne ; to St. Alban’s and its abbey, or even so far as Brighton or Oxford, though the last two places are the exceptions referred to, in which the return journey must be made the following day. Last summer, seventeen coaches were running, the nearest destination being Hampton Court, sixteen miles away, and the farthest Oxford, fifty-five miles.

The starting-place for nearly all of

them is Northumberland Avenue, in front of one of the Americanized hotels of that neighborhood; and the hour is between ten and eleven. From the beginning of the season, in the spring, till the end of the summer, they never miss a trip, except on the great race day; and, though they may not have a passenger, as it sometimes happens in foul weather, they leave punctually, and make their customary journeys.

Let it be said, with due respect to the memory of Mr. Barnum, that "the greatest show on earth" is London, and one of its prettiest "features" is the departure of the coaches from Northumberland Avenue. A smartly dressed crowd is there to see it. Preceded by the musical winding of horns, which rise above the noise of cabs, 'buses, and carriages, the coaches turn into the magnificent avenue, from the Embankment, or from Trafalgar Square, where the fountains are playing over the flanks and manes of Landseer's lions, and

Nelson stands on the foretop of his own monument. They are party-colored, and lettered on the boot and on the panels with the names of the towns and villages they pass through. There is an inside, of course ; but the blinds are down, for nobody ever wants to be inside. Outside, there are seats for thirteen, including the box-seat, the privileged position, for which a larger fare is charged.

Everything is clean, fresh, and shining, especially the faces of the coachmen and the guards, who wear white beaver-hats, and nosegays in their button-holes. Flowers are plentiful : women with baskets of roses and blue cornflowers are selling them on the pavement, and everybody must have a *boutonnière*, to be in keeping with the occasion, whether he is a passenger or merely a sight-seer. The horses are frisky, and in splendid condition ; and as they wheel round, and pull up at the door of the hotel, cutting in between

hansoms and other vehicles, it is easy to see that the coachman is a master of his art. The guard is like a tulip in his scarlet coat, with its silver or gold facings; but his appearance, and his skill with the long brass horn, are not his only recommendations. He can handle the ribbons almost as well as the driver does, and is factotum, not only to him, but to the passengers. Now he is at the horses' heads, or diving under their bellies, putting a final touch to the harness, and then bestowing mackintoshes and wraps in the interior, and sticks and umbrellas in the basket, or handing the ladies up to their seats, where their gay bonnets, parasols, and bouquets bloom as a garden.

The coachman, in a long drab jean, or box-cloth, driving-coat, reaching to his ankles, overlooks it all, with the eye of the skipper of a double topsail ship when the pilot leaves him and the wind freshens on the bar. A score of details

are on his mind : he must see that the bridles, or headstalls, do not pinch the horses' ears ; that the bits are not too high, or too low, in their mouths ; that bearing-reins, cruppers, pole-chains, and pole-pieces are adjusted so as to be neither too tight nor too loose ; that the pads are well stuffed, and fitted close to their backs ; that the traces are of the right length, and that the pole-hooks are downward. A brass carriage-clock is secured to the dashboard, under the driver's eye ; for unpunctuality is a cardinal sin, and at the appointed hour, neither a minute earlier nor a minute later, he mounts the box, tucks himself in his apron, and is off, the leaders lifting themselves up out of joy, and the guard wreathing his horn like a thread of gold through the noise of the town.

That coaching is a pleasure accessible to the public to-day, is due to the appreciation of the art of driving by rich men and amateur coachmen. The old

mail-coaches ceased running with the advent of the railways in 1840; and, out of twenty-seven in service up to that year, not one was left. "Few people are aware," says Lord Algernon St. Maur, "of the misery caused by railways to innkeepers, coachmen, guards, post-boys, 'ostlers, and horse-keepers, as it all came to pass so suddenly."

Had profit been the only consideration, the coaches would never have reappeared; but there had grown up in England many enthusiastic amateurs, who found delight in driving a four-in-hand, and they revived for their own pleasure what could no longer be a money-making venture.

Some of them, like Lord Algernon St. Maur and the present Duke of Beaufort, had done wonderful things in the way of driving, and, out of sheer zeal, had shared with the old professional coachmen all the hardships of their lot, taking the reins not merely occasionally, but

regularly, as though bread and butter depended on it.

“At first I used to drive to Oxford, and return the next day,” says Lord Algernon in his reminiscences, “but I soon wished for more work; so, after dining at the Mitre, I used to send for one or two friends who happened to be in the city (Oxford), and we sat together till eleven, when I drove the Gloucester mail back to London, by Henley and Maidenhead, reaching London at six. Then I went to bed for two hours, after which I passed the day as usual. I was very fond of driving by night, as the horses are always so lively; to hear the ring of their feet in the sharp, frosty night, the rattle of the bars, and the clatter as they rose and surmounted the tops of the hills, was to me the sweetest of music.”

The fact that Lord Algernon could “pass the day as usual,” with but two hours’ sleep, after the journey to the

university town and back, a distance of over a hundred miles, is testimony to the salubrity of the recreation, as well as to his own endurance. But, on occasions, he surpassed this record by a *tour de force*, as when he drove the Edinburgh mail for seventeen hours at a sitting.

A no less ardent coachman is His Grace of Beaufort, who while yet a boy used to drive the Brighton coach, of which his father was part proprietor. The passengers, or some of them, used to regard him suspiciously, on account of his youthfulness.

"I'm not going to be driven by a young chap like you," an old gentleman once protested.

"Such will be your fate, unless you get off in ten seconds. Sharp's the word; for in ten seconds the clock will strike, and the coach start."

The old gentleman remained; his confidence was soon restored, and at the end of the journey he handed the young

coachman a sovereign as a tip. "Take this; and if the box-seat is not booked, I will again ride with you to-morrow."

Another sovereign was given the next day, when his lordship touched his hat, and said, "This will be a good job for old Clark."

"Who's old Clark?"

"That fat old fellow standing down there; he is our ballast; when the coach is empty, we take him down to make the springs ride pleasantly; when it is full, we send him up to London, or down to Brighton, by luggage-train, in a coach by himself."

"Is he your father, that he takes all the money?"

"No, he is only my sleeping partner," replied the duke; "and you know the sleeping partner in a firm gets all the money."

Clark was, indeed, the professional partner of the duke's father in the ownership of the coach.

It is sometimes puzzling to a stranger in England, who watches the coaches departing, to discriminate between the professional and the amateur. Is this person, with the scarlet scarf, the full-skirted drab coat, with pearl buttons, the red, bursting face, and the bandy legs—is this the coachman, who works for money? And this other person, in quieter clothes—is he the nobleman, who drives for pleasure, and gives both money and time to what he considers a noble sport?

It is quite unsafe to depend on appearances alone, and sometimes even conversation is deceptive; for the professionals are usually a well-spoken and intelligent class of men, though socially out of the pale of their friends, the amateurs.

I remember the deep interest of some Americans, on the Oxford coach, as to the social status of the driver, a demure, quietly-dressed, fair-faced young fellow,

with a clear, high-bred accent, and nothing suggestive of the stable, or "horsey" associations, about him. How polite he was at luncheon! And sitting at the head of the table, as the driver, professional or amateur, always does, how solicitously he watched the plates of the rest of the company, and sacrificed himself to the needs of others! What a contrast to the Jarveys of old, who, according to Lord Algernon, were often very slovenly, and "wore glazed hats such as sailors wear, and had bands of hay or straw twisted round their legs: they were rough in manner and language, and were much given to drink."

The conversation between the box and the box-seat usually touches on meets of the hounds, racing, steeple-chasing, and other concerns of the sporting world, or reminiscences of the keepers of the inns on the way, or of the owners of the great estates that are passed, and who are referred to as

“good-uns ” or “bad-uns,” according to their reputations or deserts.

This young man, who drove the whole distance from London to Oxford, had interests and information of a higher and wider scope, and all the tokens of a gentleman. A sprig of nobility!—how easy to see it, and how charming! said the Americans. But he was a professional, the son of the proprietor of the coach, after all; though it is not to be doubted that, in the best sense of the word, he was a gentleman.

In some cases the coach is owned by one or two, or more, gentlemen, who support it for the pleasure of driving it themselves, and employ a professional coachman to take their place on the box when they are unable to be there. In other cases the coach belongs to a professional, who works it for profit, with the support of as many “subscribers” as he can find. It may be said that the receipts from passengers alone would

not be sufficient to cover expenses and leave a profit. There are days when the coach is not full—some days when it starts out and returns empty. There would be risk, and almost certainty of loss, without the help of the “subscribers.” These are gentlemen living along the route of the coach or elsewhere, who, at the beginning of the season, subscribe a hundred guineas apiece, or an approximate amount, for the privilege of driving the coach one day a week; and what they contribute in this way more than covers any deficit arising from the inadequacy of passenger fares.

The professional has another source of profit: he buys a fresh supply of horses every spring; and as he breaks them in, and keeps them in the best condition, never overworking or abusing them, he is usually able to sell them in the autumn, when the coaching season is over, for a handsome advance on the sum he paid for them. Seventy, eighty,

and even ninety guineas apiece have been bid occasionally for the horses of a popular coach, when they have been put up at Tattersall's at the end of the season. Nor is this all. It is probable that the professional also keeps a livery-stable, and is a riding-master, who gives lessons in four-in-hand driving, so that, being "in to make both ends meet," as Charles Webling said to me, he is not likely to fail in his purpose.

The capital needed to work a coach is no trifle. Take, for instance, Webling's own coach, which makes the journey from London to Tunbridge Wells, and back, in one day, a distance of seventy-two miles. There are five changes of horses each way, and in the ascent of River Hill six horses are driven together in one stage. Spare horses, also, are necessary to take the place of those that may show any lameness or exhaustion; for, since he desires

them to make a good appearance when he sells them at the end of the coaching season, the owner has no temptation to keep them at work after they have shown signs of disability. Not less than forty-six horses are thus needed by this one coach ; and assuming that they are worth, on an average, fifty pounds apiece (they may be worth much more), it will be seen that they alone represent eleven thousand five hundred dollars. Then, there are the bills of the coach-builder, and the wages of the guard and the hostlers, and the cost of stabling at five places on the road. It is more than the owner would care to make himself liable for, but for the security given by the guineas of those guardian angels of the road, the subscribers.

Each coach has its own name, or, rather, it is usually the namesake of a predecessor in the old coaching days. Thus the Brighton coach is the "Comet ;" the Oxford coach, the "Age ;" the

Box-Hill coach, the "Rocket;" the Virginia Water coach, the "Old Times;" and the Guildford coach, the "New Times." Then, there are an "Excelsior," a "Wonder," a "Magnet," a "Venture," a "Vivid," a "Perseverance," and two "Telegraphs." Altogether, seventeen coaches were running last summer, an average sufficient to show how strong the revival is; for even before the railways, in 1838, there were only twenty-seven mail-coaches to and from London. Most of them are withdrawn during the winter; but the "Wonder," to St. Alban's, runs all the year round.

Seated on the box-seat, on such a summer's morning as June often bestows on England, the sorriest pessimist must feel that life is not long enough, and that his theories are all mistaken. Some of the coaches leave town by the way of Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and others by the Embank-

ment; and it is the latter way we must choose, for we have in mind a trip that has in it the essence of various experiences—a composite picture of a day's coaching out of London.

The town is bathed in gold on such a morning, as though another Heliogabalus had filled the air with the dust of marigolds and sunflowers, instead of roses. The river is like an amber jelly; and the gayly-painted barges, drifting down it, alone betray its motion. The Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, and the dome of St. Paul's, are softened and lifted up, as through the medium of a mirage. Flowers are visible everywhere,—in the Embankment gardens, and in the windows, and on the roofs of the cabmen's shelters, girls are hawking them under the lamp-posts, and the donkey-carts of the costermongers go by loaded with them. Never again slander London; for, see, how quickly that which is dingy in fog

and rain becomes beautiful in the misty sunshine! We cross the river at Westminster Bridge, the guard heralding our approach with "Coming Through the Rye," in clear, brilliant notes, and watch with admiration and wonder the easy, confident way our driver picks a course through the tangled traffic of brewers' drays, cabs, omnibuses, donkey-carts, and tram-cars. There is no sudden use of the brake, no violent pulling up of the horses. He threads the maze like a pilot in a rock-bestrewn channel, graduating the pace so gently that the variation passes unnoticed, and the horses seem to be going at a canter all the time. The blockade looks hopeless, and delay inevitable; but it is not so for our driver, who sees clear spaces invisible to others, and glides through them, by close calculations, without grazing a wheel, or showing in his face a moment's uncertainty or irresolution, either of which, of course, would spoil

the performance. If difficulties occur, it is sure to be when a subscriber is on the box; and though the amateur will do very well on a stretch of country road, we prefer, for our own peace of mind, the professional when we are in the crowded streets, or when a sharp turn is to be made up to the inn-door.

Though the coach cannot be any novelty, its coming is a welcome episode, and little "slaveys," in their white caps, with smutched faces, bob up from the areas to see it pass, and giggle when the coachman tilts his whip at them; and children swing themselves on the sidewalk and shout "Hooray!" as though it made a pageant in itself. Every other vehicle salutes it, and pulls up to make room for it, — the doctor in his gig doing his morning rounds; the young lady in her pony phaeton; the carrier with his team of shaggy Percherons; the cabman, and even the glum driver of the creeping tram-car. The only

wheeled thing that shows indifference or unfriendliness is the bicycle, and for that your coaching man has nothing but contempt. One bicyclist passes and nods, and in him the driver recognizes an old friend—but with what sorrow! “Ah, but it’s a pity to see a good fellow like him come down to that!” he exclaims. “Why, I think of riding a bicycle myself,” one of the passengers (perhaps a subscriber) says, mischievously. “You do, do you? Well, just let me see you at it! Don’t come my way, that’s all; or, blow me, if I don’t run over you!”

Even at the end of an hour, when we have made our first change of horses, the town still clings to us; but its aspect is now suburban. Little villas appear, with gardens and shrubbery around them, each with a romantic name of its own painted on the gate-post; long rows of houses that stand back from the street have been turned into shops,

which are built out, to the height of the first story, over the gardens that once stood in front of them ; little taverns — “Ploughs,” “Angels,” “Red Lions,” and “King’s Heads” — which have befuddled generations of Britons, show false fronts of modern stucco, and try to make us believe they are juvenile, though over the coping you can see how bent the gables are, and how the tiled roofs sag, and what hoary, dissembling old sinners they are in reality.

Then we reach the country, and hear the skylark drenching the meadows with its song, and breathe the scent of red and white hawthorn, and see Nature in a smoother, softer, mellower aspect than she wears anywhere else in the world.

The horses are seldom allowed to gallop ; and their pace, especially when driven by the professional, is so steady and so even that there is no sense of pressure. The miles are reeled off, ten to an hour ; and when the carriage-clock

on the dashboard tells luncheon-time, the guard, like a prophet, plays a military call, "Pudding and pie, pudding and pie," and the coach draws up with a flourish at its destination.

The return journey to London, in the afternoon, repeats the pleasures of the morning, with the variation of tea at one of the roadside inns; and when you alight at Northumberland Avenue, it will never again be in you to say that you do not love England.

A Bit of the Yorkshire Coast.

THE rain and the east wind have full swing in Yorkshire; but the inclemency is not greater than in many other parts of the stormy British Islands; and the coast from Hull, at which port Robinson Crusoe embarked on his memorable voyage, up to the Tees, has many watering-places upon it, to which thousands of operatives come every summer from the smoky towns of the country to breathe an air which, unlike their own, is pure and invigorating.

The view of the county which we get in crossing it from Manchester to Hull is one not to be forgotten. In all the distance we are scarcely ever out of sight of high factory chimneys; scarcely ever out of sight of a town; scarcely

ever under a sky undarkened by the snake-like coils of black smoke which are forever issuing from the chimneys. The people are pale and fatigued; and the earth, deprived of its proper sunshine, supports but a feeble kind of vegetation; the leaves are begrimed, and even the dew seems inky. After dark, which is hurried on early in the afternoon by the accumulating smoke, the square, featureless, prison-like workshops, with their many windows lighted, look like illuminated gridirons of a vast size, and a dull red glow in the mouths of some of the chimneys also shows the continuity of labor.

The transition from this fetid and dismal atmosphere to the high white coast, with the German Ocean chafing against it, stirs up those whose lot is not cast in these dark places; but the full effect is seen in the operative released for his holiday from the mills and foundries, who hurries down from

the station to the shore, and when the clean sky and the crisp sea are opened to him, stands in rapture, and eagerly draws the salt air into his lungs. Under these circumstances, and in contrast with the sun-browned fisherman, the "tripper," as he is contemptuously called, with his sallow face and clothes of ugly pattern, becomes a pathetic figure, though later in the day he is sure to offend by his noisy vulgarity.

But while the many watering-places are a great sanitary benefit to such as he, it is not to be supposed that they wholly owe their existence to poor excursionists of his class, nor is it to be supposed that all of Yorkshire is like the belt which includes Leeds, Dewsbury, and Huddersfield. One of them (Scarborough) is picturesque and brilliant, and all of them attract visitors from the southern counties as well as from their own neighborhoods. The moorlands and hills are famous for their

tonic air, and the county is rich in antiquities. The coast is for the most part bold. The chalk and limestone cliffs are high and precipitous, and sometimes weathered into grotesque images, and hollowed out into caverns suitable for use in sensational literature. The villages are familiar to all through picture exhibitions. The houses are roofed with deep red tiles, and bits of wreckage are utilized with much picturesqueness of resource. The figure-head of the Eliza Jane smiles with wooden amiability over the door of a little tavern, though it is nearly a quarter of a century since that smack went to pieces on the rocks of Flamborough; and in a fisherman's garden, the outer fence of which is at the very edge of a cliff about two hundred feet high, we see what a capital porch can be made of the stern of a boat raised up on end. The fauna includes many rare creatures. Flamborough Head claims to be the most

densely populated breeding-resort of sea-fowl in England. The local ornithologists put an additional feather in their caps, forasmuch as the migratory birds include four which are not known to visit any other part of Great Britain.

The people of the county are simple, honest, and robust. Those among the dales of the north-east coast cling to the belief in witchcraft even yet, and speak the language with a strongly marked dialect, of which we can give no better example than an extract from a local story by Mr. William Stonehouse of Whitby.

One Christmas eve Deborah Pruss, the landlady of a wayside inn in Southland, and her pretty daughter Polly, were visited by two neighbors, one of whom, Paul Dowson, asked after a cow belonging to Deborah which had been ailing for many weeks.

“Hoo is t’ hummeld coo gettin’ on?”

“Whya,” replied Deborah, “ah deeant kno what ti mak on her; she’s sum-

tahms bettther an' sumtahms warse. She nayther dees nor dows, as t' sayin' is."

"She's failed sair leeatly, ah think," said Adam Herbert, the other neighbor.

"Failed, ay," said Deborah; "she's failed all away ti nowt bud skin an' beeans."

"What yoo'll hev had t' farrier fra Whidby tiv her?" queried Adam.

"Ay," said Deborah; "he's been here twice."

"An' what diz he say about her?" resumed Paul.

"Whya, ah think he dizzent kno what te say," said Deborah.

"Neea, ah deean't think he diz. Yoor aboot reeght there, Deborah," continued Paul; "t' farrier's o' neea kahnd o' yuse. Ah've seen that fra t' fust. An' noo ah'll tell yoo what, Deborah: 'f ah was yoo, ah wad just git oor oad neighbor Adam here ti gan te Stowsley, an' see t' wahse man about it; for yoo ma tak mah wod for't, that coo o' yours is

bewitched, as seear as we are sittin' here."

The local dealer in magic and spells had up to recent years a very lucrative business; and among his prescriptions was one to fill a cow's heart full of pins, and roast it before the fire at midnight—a savory operation which brought witches from their hiding-places. The witches usually accomplished their malicious work in the form of some animal. Thus, not many years ago, two old women were said to annoy their neighbors by assuming the form of cats, and against one family in particular they worked their evil art. They scratched the door, clattered against the window, and made the night hideous with their cries. On one occasion the people in the house, irritated beyond endurance, armed themselves with various domestic utensils, and, with the help of a sheep-dog, rushed out upon the disturbers of the peace. The cats fled for their lives;

but the dog got hold of one of them, and tore nearly all the fur off its back, and the other, in escaping up an apple-tree, received a blow from a garden rake which broke its leg.

On the following morning one of the witches was found with a broken leg, and the clothes of the other were so torn that she looked like a bundle of rags when she came out of her house.

Another family had no luck in anything. The horses lamed themselves, and the cows died; the pigs caught all the illnesses to which pigs are heir; and on churning-days the butter refused to come unless assisted by the charm of a crooked sixpence.

One day during the churning, the coin was purposely kept out of the churn, and "t' maister o' t' hoose" took his gun and watched the garden from the loop-hole of an out-building. In the twilight he saw a hare creeping through the hedge, and he shot her. The butter

came immediately. During the evening news arrived that the old woman whom they suspected of bewitching them, and causing all their ill-luck, had died suddenly at the precise moment when the shot had been fired ; and from that time forward the family prospered.

In a neighborhood where such things are done, it may readily be believed that astrological almanacs are great authorities, that there are persons who will not sow seed when the moon is waning, because, as they aver, seed sown under these circumstances never germinates, and that horseshoes are nailed behind outer doors to bar the entrance of all uncanny folks.

Another feature for which the Yorkshire coast is celebrated is its jet. Who has not heard of Whitby jet, and admired its unsurpassable lustre, with which it is a compliment to compare a beautiful woman's eyes ? Wherever jet is offered for sale, whether it is in Amer-

ica or in England, the dealer insists that it is "*real* Whitby jet;" for Whitby jet is known to be finer than any other, and for centuries that quaint little town on the Yorkshire coast has been noted for the manufacture of articles of personal adornment from it.

Jet is of two kinds, — one hard, and the other soft; and its exact nature is in dispute among those who have given most time to its investigation. To one observer the jet rock in which the hard jet is found seems to be a deposit of sea-anemones, and some years ago a patent was taken out to distil petroleum from it. Experiments proved that ten gallons of a pure oil could be extracted from one ton of it, but the production was too costly to compete with American petroleum. The hard jet itself, lying in this rock in a horizontal position, is said by some to be the result of a distillation by igneous action from the enclosing shale; and others again declare their belief that

it is of a pure ligneous formation similar to coal — perhaps, indeed, undeveloped coal, for coal and jet are never found coexistent. The miners express some faith in both modes of origin, and say they believe that the hard jet is of two distinct formations, being both wood and petroleum, now in a state of high bitumenization. But though geologists differ as to its nature, it is definitely known that it is discovered in compressed layers of variable sizes, generally from half an inch to two and a half inches in thickness, from four to thirty inches wide, and from four to five feet in length. Such is hard jet.

The soft jet, which is much less valuable than the hard, is found in sandstone and shale, much nearer the surface than the latter, and may be of a pure ligneous origin, the fibre and branches of trees being more or less distinctly marked in it. The greater value of the hard is that it wears longer, is less

brittle, and takes a higher polish than the soft.

Whitby jet, both hard and soft, has always been considered better than any other; and Michael Drayton sang of it out of his seventeenth-century knowledge. The prominence given to it in the shop-window signs, and their emphasis that the lustrous black jewellery there displayed is made of it alone, excite a good deal of respect for the genuine Whitby article. But do coals really come from Newcastle, and brass buttons from Birmingham? Is Everton taffy a myth, and are Chelsea buns made at Stratford-le-Bow? Are Eccles cakes the product of Ormskirk, and is the origin of Ormskirk gingerbread to be traced to Eccles? Is any truth left in the world? When we landed at Whitby we were told that Whitby jet principally comes from the Pyrenees! that the jet is found in such greater abundance in Spain, and obtained with so much greater ease, that

the search for it in the scaurs of Yorkshire has been almost entirely abandoned. Thus were our hopes blighted, and our feelings more damped by disappointment than our clothing by the rain that copiously fell upon us day after day. A study of guide-books had led us to believe that we should see the jet hunter following his precarious and perilous calling, swinging over the high cliffs, exploring the crannied rocks, and searching patiently along the detritus of the shore. We found that his occupation is gone, or, if not wholly given up, that it has become but a resource to be taken up when other things fail.

The manufacture of the crude jet into various articles of adornment continues to be almost a monopoly of Whitby, however, and it has been known there since 1598. Nearly an eleventh of the total population of the town (say between 1,300 and 1,400 persons) are engaged in it. And in the language of

commerce the "turnover" is more than half a million dollars a year. The wages of the operatives are from five to thirty shillings a week.

The crude jet looks like anthracite coal, and comes from Spain in long wooden boxes. It is sawn into the sizes of the objects for which it is intended, and then shaped on a freestone wheel. Next the facets are put on; and it is carved into the desired pattern by men with knives, small chisels, and gouges. It is highly electrical; and, as the ancient poet has said of it:—

"'Tis black and shining, smooth, and ever light;

'Twill draw up straws if rubbed till hot and bright."

Long before it was used for ornaments, it was valued for its efficacy in "driving away devils, dissolving spells and enchantments, helping the despairing, banishing serpents, and when mixed with the marrow of a stag, in healing the bite of a snake."

In small workshops, where the atmosphere is filled with a black or snuffy dust, the bits of anthracite which the jet resembles gradually take the shape of beads, flowers, fruits, and many pretty things, as they are dexterously wrought upon by the workmen, who often ply their tools without any set design before them; and when the ornaments are complete they are polished, being held against quickly revolving wheels, covered with chamois leather and a composition of rouge and oil. It is the rouge which produces the snuff-colored dust, and gives many of the operatives a peculiar rustiness of appearance. The last thing of all is the "setting," which is done by sealing-wax and shellac. Then they are carded, and boxed in cotton-wool, each article being guaranteed as one of "real Whitby jet."

The trade in jet is immediately affected by any national calamity, as,

for instance, the death of a member of the royal family, or any one for whom there is a general mourning. And when the life of the Prince of Wales was in danger, Whitby was thronged with buyers prepared to pay almost any price, who lost heavily by his happy recovery.

There are a few mines yet in the neighborhood of Whitby. The entrance to them is through a horizontal drift in the hillside—a narrow passage some seven feet by five; and this small tunnel is intersected by cross-drifts, as in other mines. Here the men work cramped up in the darkness and wet, and the rock which they excavate is carried to the mouth in little wagons on tramways. The operations are not extensive. Each mine only employs about six men, who work in “shifts” of eight hours. The seams and jet cliffs are usually rented from the owners of the land by the princi-

pal miner, a lump sum being paid down for the right to work a stipulated number of yards. The tenant is not only restricted as to the distance he may penetrate the hillside, but also in regard to the number of men he employs. If he should reach the limit prescribed without exhausting the seam, he would have to discontinue his operations, or pay an additional sum for further privileges. If the space leased to him should prove unproductive, and he should find himself a loser at the end of it, though a few yards farther would bring him to a profitable seam, still he would have to abandon his work, with the long-sought-for treasure in sight, or satisfy the landlord's exactions.

Jet-hunting is at all times a speculative and precarious business; and it is never more so than when the hunters take to the cliffs, cropping out of which the richest seams have been found.

There was a pleasant old man in Whitby, whose occupation for many years was that of a jet-hunter, and who, sitting before his fire with a glass of toddy before him and a long church-warden pipe in his mouth, told us of some of the difficulties of his business, which in his case (a rare one) had yielded a comfortable fortune.

"It's just like puttin' thy hond in a lott'ry," he said, between the puffs, as he stared into the slumbering glow of the open fire. "Yo' may soon lose a lot, an' soon gain a lot."

"Ay," added the comfortable wife, who was sitting by; "it's all specalation, like gambling on hosses, an' allus was."

One of the lucky things that sometimes fall to the lot of the cliff hunter is a mass of jet which the weather has separated from the cliff and cast upon the shore; but oftener than coming upon such a windfall as this he has to search for days which lengthen into

weeks, and for weeks which roll on into months, without reward.

A more adventurous plan than looking for "waeshed jet" (i.e., that which has been washed down) is to lower a man over the edge of the cliff from above to prospect; and thus suspended, with a bowline knot around his waist, the hunter scans the white face of the rock for signs of the jet. Should he find any, a narrow vertical groove is dug down the face of the cliff to it; and when it is reached, it is tunnelled or "drifted" as in one of the hillside mines. The accidents to life and limb in this pursuit are many. In going up and down the cliff, the workman has just room enough "tae step his taoes in," as the veteran told us; and he is always exposed to some danger from the falling rock. Working alone in his narrow prison through the night, with the sea beating at the foot of the cliff, we supposed that his loneliness would excite his fears.

“Nay,” said the old gentleman, still puffing his pipe ; “it’s cheerful enough ; he has a bit o’ candle to look at.”

And whatever consolation he has comes from this “bit o’ candle.”

Though the jet interest is decayed, and we did not find the hunters following their hap-hazard vocation along the shore and swinging over the cliffs, our disappointment soon passed away. The Yorkshire coast has a further interest. It is scarcely surpassed in the British Islands by grander cliffs or bolder headlands. On one of its promontories the first English song burst from Cædmon’s lips. Its people are simple and interesting. It possesses what is called “the queen of English watering-places,” and among many curious old villages and towns it has one which strikes us as being the most picturesque in England.

The cliffs are seen at their greatest height near Flamborough Head, where they have an altitude of nearly five hun-

dred feet ; and a more imposing view cannot be imagined than that which they present to an observer on the esplanade at Bridlington Quay. They reach out in a splendid sweep miles long, and a dazzling white in color. They are sheer from top to bottom. From the rolling arable land which stretches back from them, a deep fringe of brown mud has been washed down ; and against their white faces it looks like a row of tassels. Down below is the sea, sharp and diamond-pointed, which beats up against them in some places, and in others leaves a narrow edge of beach, set with shining white bowlders and black fragments of wreckage. At the end of the curve, the Head itself is thrust like a wedge into the sea. Solid and defiant as it looks, the sea has not left it unscarred. Massive pillars have been separated from it, which foretell of future encroachments ; and the waves have eaten deep, mysterious caverns in it,

through which the winds moan with unsilenceable grief.

One of these caverns is called Robin Lyth's Hole, and forms a tunnel from the land to the sea. The entrance is low and difficult; but, when it is passed, the explorer finds himself in a sepulchral chamber, dark, dripping, and reverberant, with a roof fifty feet high. The rock is of variegated colors, and polished by the attrition of the seas, which the easterly gales send driving in. The floor seems to have been built by human hands, instead of by the thoughtless gnawing of the elements. Sometimes a shaft of sunlight finds its way into the mouth; and then every drop of water beading on the walls becomes a jewel, and the rocks reveal their iridescent splendors.

Coming back to Bridlington Quay—which, by one of the anomalies of English orthoepy, is pronounced Burlington—we find it to be, like many other Eng-

lish watering-places, half new and half old, a little fishing village of antiquity, with red-roofed and picturesque cottages and tawny men, upon which rows of showy new houses, new hotels, and ornamental parades, have been ingrafted. The old and the new are quite apart. The old taverns still receive the small tradespeople of the town and the boatmasters, who come into the smoky little parlor of an evening, and, after the English custom, slowly and seriously drink their allowance of hot grog, while discussing with gravity the news of the day. The new taverns are large and ambitious, with nothing characteristically English about them; indeed, they are growing more like American hotels every day. Nearly all the new houses are rented by speculative landladies, who have to exercise much ingenuity in making both ends meet. The season lasts about two months, and in this brief period they expect to profit enough for the year.

After two months of excitement, of crowded apartments, of romping and aggressive children, and of incessant piano-playing, and almost continuous tea and shrimps, cold mutton and beer, they have their establishments to themselves; and their many-ribboned caps are seen bobbing forlornly in the windows of their best parlors, upon which the frost of winter has fallen.

Filey, which is on the other side of Flamborough Head, is just like Bridlington. There are the same old-time white plaster cottages abutting on irruptions of modern brick architecture. There is the same admixture of old and new, the same brief prosperity of summer, the same insupportable languor of winter. The tasselled and pennanted landladies are in no wise different from those of the sister village. But Filey has a geological curiosity which does not end in being odd, but is also of some utility. The coast is open to the north for hun-

dreds of miles ; and to protect the bay from the fury of the storms which rush down, Nature, with kindly forethought, has thrown out an extraordinary ridge of rocks from the northern horn of the semicircle within which Filey lies. The ridge is rough and jagged. Anciently it was called the File, and now it is known as the Brigg. It forms a natural pier or breakwater nearly a mile long, with the ocean breaking on each side of it. To the north of this again the cliffs increase in rugged grandeur. The sloping rocks are covered with enormous bowlders, weighing as much as fifty tons apiece ; and innumerable caverns have been hollowed out, wherein are pools full of delicate seaweeds, and pallid living things.

Seven and a half miles from Filey is Scarborough, which between the first of July and the middle of October is one of the most crowded of English watering-places. In beauty of situation it is

all that the imagination can picture it as being. A narrow bay opens out from the German Ocean, locked by high cliffs which as nearly as possible take the shape of a horseshoe. Up the sides of the cliffs, and terraced, one tier above another, to a height of more than two hundred feet, Scarborough is built. Back of the cliffs is a high, undulating country, with one conspicuous hill that almost reaches the dignity of a mountain; cross-cutting them is a deep ravine, full of cool foliage. Along their base is a wide strip of smooth golden-yellow sand, upon which the clear blue water of the bay breaks with a moderate surf. The foliage is quite luxuriant, and terrace is separated from terrace by a belt of refreshing green. Such is the situation.

The great natural advantages have been improved upon by a judicious and spirited local administration. The streets are clean, and well paved or as-

phalted, and the buildings are handsome and varied in architecture. Between the middle of September and the first of October, when the season is at its height, Scarborough holds a constant carnival. The sands are crowded with prettily dressed children and women, itinerant musicians and acrobats, bathing men and women, and holiday makers. Following the course of the sands is an asphalt drive and promenade, upon which there is a crowd of well-dressed pedestrians and equestrians, and a curious variety of vehicles, landaus, broughams, wagonettes, and donkey carriages. At one end of the drive an enormous hotel springs up, which, with its ten stories, seems higher than the highest cliff; and beyond this is the ravine we have spoken of, spanned by a splendid iron bridge. A little farther on still is the Spa, with its showily decorated saloons, wherein the visitors assemble to gossip and drink the waters, which have

long been celebrated for their healing qualities. The Spa is the centre of the fashionable life ; but there is movement, color, and variety everywhere.

Scarborough is not a mushroom growth. It reaches back to the Saxon period, whence its name was derived from two words signifying the town or fortress on the Rock, and still earlier it was probably a Roman camp.

Up on the northern point of the bay, crowning a majestic headland, girt by savage cliffs that spring four hundred feet out of the sea, is a gray old castle with straggling ramparts, which in its prime presented a resolute face and supreme difficulties to the enemies that attempted to storm it. It is now in ruins, and its prostrate and disjointed fabric seems like a part of the native rock from which the earth has been washed away. It is given up to peace and decay ; and there is no echo, except in history, of the gallant scenes of which

it was the centre. Could the gray old walls speak for themselves, they would tell a thrilling story of the assaults they have resisted and the brave hearts they have sheltered.

Once, when in the great civil war they were besieged by the Parliamentary forces, the governor received a message threatening instant death to him and all within the castle unless he surrendered without the shedding of one drop of Roundhead blood. The arrogant Puritan did not know the courage and hardihood of his foe, and the castle was held against him for nearly a year.

"Conceiving that I would relent in respect of her being there," the governor wrote, "my wife came to me, without any direction or trouble, and prayed me that I would not for any consideration of her do aught which might be prejudicial to my own interests or the king's affairs."

At the end of a year capitulation was

unavoidable ; and the Puritans marched up the craggy steps that led to the sally-port, an exultant horde in sober drab jackets and shining helmets, to drive out the crestfallen and starving Cavaliers.

In 1655 the castle was the prison of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, who at various times was confined in three different rooms : the first he likened to purgatory because it was filled with smoke ; in the second there was no fireplace or chimney at all, and here, being unable to dry his clothes, his body became benumbed, and his fingers swollen ; but his greatest suffering was in the third, into which the wind drove the rain so forcibly that " the water came over his bed, and he was fain to skim it up with a platter." His jailers made a threepenny loaf last him three weeks, and steeped wormwood in his water.

Three years later, he was not only free, but was invited to preach at the

castle, where he was received with honor and affection.

Beyond the castle, the summit of the crag on which the ruins are expands into an almost level greensward, which suddenly ends in a perpendicular cliff.

Looking over that cliff, the last time I was up there, was like looking into the primeval. Vibrating outward to the limits of sight was the colorless and uneven sea, meeting the gray and saddening roof of cloud. One object was visible, as solitary as the ark in the flood — a serpentine line of black with small eyes of red and green, which slowly and tediously defined itself as a tug-boat with two close-reefed fishing smacks in tow. There was a fascinating despondency in the incompleteness of the view which attracted us to it until the gloom had lowered the spirits to an unendurable point. Then we wheeled round; and there before us, in the comfortable semicircle of the bay, lay luxu-

riant and modern Scarborough, showing itself in the twilight in many a starry cluster of lamps. A turn of the heel had brought us, more vividly than the transition from chapter to chapter of any book, out of the primeval into to-day.

Scarborough abounds with contrasts. There are narrow little by-ways in it, and many queer little houses, roofed with the ever-welcome and hospitable-looking red tiles. But all things are orderly and in good repair. The old houses do not seem to have been retained because their room has not been wanted, but because they add to the interest and picturesqueness of the place, and they have the neat and well-preserved appearance of being kept for show. The one objection to Scarborough is the unfair way in which it is treated by the clerk of the weather. It has more than its share of rain. Sometimes the rain begins in the very middle of the season, and falls day after day

from week to week, putting an end to all the festivities, and dampening the people inside and out. Sometimes it is so persistent that the visitors are driven away at the beginning of their holiday to re-embrace London with true cockney felicity.

The most notable place on the Yorkshire coast, however, is Whitby, which, by the coast road, is only twenty-one miles distant from Scarborough. The coast road borders on the magnificent cliff, and strikes some old-fashioned villages — Stainton Wall, from the hill of which the Knights of St. John used to ring a bell, or blow a horn, every evening, to direct travellers to their hospital; and Robin Hood's Town, which is propped up against a precipice, with some of its houses overhanging the sea. There was plenty of room for Robin Hood's Town on the mainland; and in perching it on a dizzy crag, the builders seem to have been actuated by the same

instinct that prompts a boy to stand on his head. From the railway, we see reaches of dull brown moorland and deep valleys, which remind us of the smaller western cañons. The pale primroses blossom on the hillsides with an unfamiliar luxuriance.

Let us take our first look at Whitby from the summit of East Cliff, — one of the two promontories between which the river Esk enters the German Ocean. On both sides of us is a precipitous line of coast, with bristling cliffs, washed by a boiling surf in some places, and in others fringed with a narrow beach, on which gigantic moss-covered bowlders are piled. The sea itself melts in the extreme horizon. The ground at the summit is uneven, and ends in a precipice. The wind strikes us with unrestrained violence.

Looking to the east and north, we see the embattled cliffs and the restless sea filling the view; looking to the west, the river cleaving the valley, with the town

built on both sides of it. The two characterizing colors of the picture are red and blue. One house rises above another, apparently supported by the cornice of that below it; the floor of one seems to be the roof of the other. The roofs are peaked and gabled and dormer-windowed, with tall chimney-pots shooting up from them; nearly all of them are sheathed with crimson tiles, which, with the lazy blue smoke drifting over them, are the things that give color to every picture of Whitby. The color and architecture are both foreign. The cold gray look of the usual English village on the coast is substituted by a delightful warmth and richness. Leading down from the summit of East Cliff to the town is a curving flight of one hundred and ninety-six well-worn stone steps, up which the worshippers come on Sunday to the old parish church, which stands at the head of the cliff, surrounded by a full crop of gravestones, with the sea be-

hind it. It is a very old building of the early Norman period; and the interior, with its undecorated oak and dead-lights in the low roof, is more like the cabin of a ship than a church. For many years Whitby was a favorite resort of James Russell Lowell and George du Maurier.

On the cliff, also, are the beautiful gray ruins of St. Hilda's Abbey, which are the crowning glory of Whitby. Oswy, the King of Northumbria, who was a convert to Christianity, vowed that if God gave him the victory over his pagan foes, his daughter Edelfled should be dedicated in holy virginity to the Lord, with a dowry of twelve manors for the foundation of monasteries; and in part fulfilment of his vow (his prayer being answered) he built this abbey, of which his niece, St. Hilda, was the first abbess. Hilda is described by Prof. J. R. Greene as a Northumbrian Deborah, whose counsel was sought even by bishops and kings; and through her influence Whitby be-

came the Westminster of Northumbria.
She was succeeded by Edelfled.

Many legends are attached to the abbey, and some of them are recounted in the following lines of "Marmion":—

"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told
How to their house three barons bold
Must menial service do. . . .
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
St. Hilda's priest he slew. . . .
They told how in their convent cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how of thousand snakes each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda pray'd. . . .
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail
As over Whitby's towers they sail;
And sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint."

But that objectionable person, the iconoclast, has been here. He tells us that the basis of the story of the snakes turned into coils of stone was in the fossil ammonites which are frequently discovered in the neighborhood; and that the devo-

tion of the birds may be accounted for by the fact that in crossing the German Ocean in their usual migration they became tired, and stopped to rest.

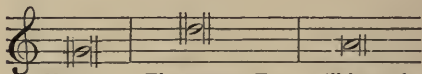
Cædmon belonged to the Whitby Chapter; and from his lips, during the reign of the founder of the abbey, came the first great English song.

The ruins show how large and important the building was. The style is Early English, with some decorated and perpendicular windows. Shattered as the fabric is, and though the voices of nun and monk are hushed, it is not without devotees. On every sunny day, more than one artist may be seen reproducing the old pile in oil- or water-colors; and when the artist has a pretty young wife nestling by him, and reading a novel to him, as one we saw had, the introduction of their figures seems essential to the completeness of the picture. Whitby has been painted oftener than any professional beauty; and the easel is so

common a feature, in the season, that an artist can work in the streets without being irritated to death by peeping children and ignorant commentators.

Coming down the winding steps from the cliff, we soon learn what the charm of Whitby is for artists. It is unmodern, a survival of more peaceful and poetic times than ours. It is rich in quaint architecture, and the atmosphere is full of memories. We hear the voice of the town-crier—an institution still cherished in Whitby. John the Bellman is, indeed, one of the best-known characters of the place, and during the fashionable season his services are in constant requisition. Ordinarily the recitals of a town-crier are delivered in a high key and a severe monotone, distressing and exhausting to his voice, and painful to all who hear him. But John's performances are not of this sort: they are musical compositions of no little artistic merit. He tunes the pipe to various notes in the scale,

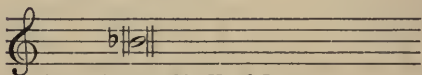
as illustrated in the following example, kindly taken down for us by Mr. J. Storer, M.B., and each sentence has its separate note and pitch : —



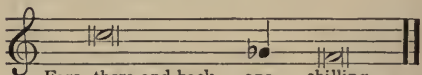
NOTICE.— The steamer Emu will leave the



pier-side this afternoon at 3 o'clock,



for a trip to Robin Hood Bay,



Fare, there and back, one shilling.

Going along the street, we meet another celebrity of the town — Fish Jane. She has slung her basket from her head, her quick eyes having detected a probable customer in a lady standing near a doorway.

"Noo, then, are yo' ti hev onny fish ti-day?" she brusquely demands.

"Is it quite fresh?" the lady asks.

"Fresh, honey? Ay, it's as fresh as paint; it's just come'd in. Ah'll cut yo' 't off by there for a shillin', an' ah's sure it's as cheap as muck."

The bargain is struck; and Jane, profuse in her thanks, stops a while for a little friendly gossip with her customer. Then she hoists her basket, poises it upon her head, and repeats her cry of "Fresh fi-i-ish!" in a shrill, ear-piercing voice.

Jane is prominent in all times of excitement. An ardent Liberal, she decks herself in the party color during the elections, and is always at the front in public meetings, processions, and the hustings. Many a Liberal speaker has been inspired to fresh bursts of eloquence, and many a Conservative has been disconcerted, by hearing, high above all other voices, Jane's trumpet tones ringing out, "Blew forivver!"

"Ah, bud she's a good-hearted oad sowl is Jane!" says a by-stander; and perhaps we are told how, years and years ago, a certain poor widow died, leaving a boy five or six years old quite destitute. There was a pauper's grave for her, and some of the neighbors gathered together to see what could be done for the boy: there was the workhouse for him. Hearing this, the lad began to sob as if his heart would break, and then Jane interfered.

"Deean't cry, deean't cry, ma honey; thou shall not be sent to the poor-house," she gently said; "thou shall just gang hame wi' me."

Although she had a large family of her own, and the earnings of her husband, a fisherman, were scanty, and the full meaning of Kingsley's line, in that song of his,

"There's little to earn, and many to keep,"

was known to her, she took the little

fellow home, and became a mother to him.

We like Whitby not for its resources as a watering-place, but for its historical associations, the antique spirit of its life, and the old red-tiled houses dozing under the wreathing blue smoke.

Amy Robsart, Kenilworth, and Warwick.

IT must be with an unavoidable pang of disappointment that the sentimental traveller alights at Warwick, and finds ingrafted on the old town so much that is new and prosaic. The pictures of it that he has seen have never confessed to the modernization; they have shown him only the open-framed, red-tiled, or thatched Elizabethan houses, with latticed windows and projecting gables; the bastions, escarpments, and skyward towers of the castle; the ruined bridge across the Avon, with the disabling lapses in its span; the well-preserved antiquity of Lord Leicester's Hospital. He has forgotten how artists separate what they desire from

any common placeenvironment; and he has thought of Warwick, and seen it through the eye of anticipation, as a place made up of ancient buildings and ancient streets, a sleepy town, stealing down through time with an unchanged front, and owing nothing to later days and later fashions.

Alas! though these historical monuments are still there, many of their surroundings are not in keeping with them, but have the freshness, the unromantic and unmellowed properties of our own times. To what is new they seem to bear much the same proportion as the ancestral brooch and other trinkets which a woman attaches to a costume that in its other features is exclusively modern—though this is only so long as our initiatory disappointment is allowed to prejudice our observation. It requires a spirited imagination to restore to those streets the Elizabethan procession which throngs out of the

pages of "Kenilworth"—the courtiers and swash-bucklers, Dick Hostler and Jack Pudding, Wayland Smith and Flibbertigibbet, the gay-hearted Raleigh, and the dark-browed Varney. The pressure of innovation comes to oppose their return, not only in the modernization of the streets, but in the intrusion at every point of assiduous, trifle-hunting tourists.

Of these tourists there are probably two Americans to one Englishman. "Bless you, sir! I don't know 'ow we could get hon without them," the waiter at the "Warwick Arms" will tell you, after wofully recounting the various causes of the decline in the town's prosperity.

All summer long you hear them scurrying through the streets toward the Castle, or the Hospital, or St. Mary's Church, with guide-books tucked under their arms, and their satchels swelled by new souvenirs of travel in the shape of photographs, or paper-weights and ink-

pots cast in the image of Leicester's famous cognizance of the Bear and Ragged Staff. Their pursuit leaves no moment unmarked by achievement. Yesterday morning it was the Custom-house and the landing-stage at Liverpool, and since then they have been to Chester and Shrewsbury. To-day they are debating how they shall apportion their time so that they may be in London to-morrow. Shall it be Shottery and Stratford, or Warwick and Kenilworth? Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway, or Leicester and Amy Robsart? They glance at Vandyke's equestrian portrait of Charles I., so full of life that rider and horse seem to be advancing down the corridor of the Castle; smile at the huge caldron known as Guy's porridge-pot; listen to the legends of the pensioners at the Hospital; hover about the tombs in the Beauchamp Chapel, and read with questioning eyes the epitaph which describes

Leicester as the best and dearest of husbands. Then we see them flying off to the station, or disappearing, with their trunks vividly labelled "Wanted," or "Not Wanted on the Voyage," down the broad highway which leads through the matchless verdure of England to Kenilworth and Coventry. Those who do not touch at Warwick on their way from Liverpool to the Continent compass it on their return flight across the Atlantic. The bustle continues until summer ends; and we cannot wonder that the spectres of the past shun it, even though conjured and employed by an imagination fully prepared to rehabilitate them.

But after September the visitors become infrequent, and the old town sinks into a torpor in which, as in the human countenance after a lapse from temporary stimulation, we can see and feel its real age. The furrows are deeper than we thought they were at first sight,

and the survival of antiquity is more complete. One speculates as to how the place exists, unless it is on the harvest of the summer. High Street, up and down, between the two old gates, is empty, and a footfall reverberates in the disoccupation through long distances. The signs of the prosperous country town are not visible, though Warwick is the capital of the county and a parliamentary and municipal borough. There are no smart traps from neighboring manors with apple-faced English girls on the high box-seats and sleek grooms in attendance; no farmers or yokels—seldom does one see a market wagon loaded up with fresh green stuff, or a fragrant haycart. Since, however, one cannot make such a statement as this without incurring local displeasure and the peril of being confronted with figures which, in the mind of the disputant, are sufficient of an answer to cover one with confusion,

let us qualify it so far as to admit that we are merely recording an impression, and that the impression does not retain images of these things as it does of the vacancy and drowsiness which follow the departure of the tourists. There is nothing unfriendly in our intention; and it yet remains for us to say how charming and pervasive the inactivity and somnolency are, and how, when we yield to the effect of them, the harsher and more prosaic features of the town recede as in a mist, leaving what is old and mellowed all the more prominent, and making Warwick a very habitable place for kindred spirits, ghosts, and sentimentalists.

At the very entrance of the town stands a house which, by the dignity of its proportions and the style of its architecture, arrests attention. It is sadly out of repair, but it has a semi-baronial, semi-monastic grandeur in its decay. The grayness of its stone and

the sagging tiled roof tell that it is at least twice a centenarian; and ivy and moss spread themselves over the wide-arched porch and over the windows, of which there are no less than nine, of enormous size, partitioned by stone mullions, and filled with small, greenish, leaded glass. The end windows swell out on both stories, and at the level of the five gables which spring along the roof they form balconies with carved stone parapets. An unobtrusive sign in the weedy, tangled garden, which is separated from the street by iron railings, announces that a tapestried room may be seen between certain hours, and with a thrill of satisfaction the visitor who cares for the picturesque perceives, by another small sign, that there are "Apartments to Let." Originally the old house is said to have been a hospital of the Knights of St. John; then it was a school; and now so much of it as is habitable is rented by two pensioners

of the Earl of Warwick to such as are willing to put up with the inconveniences inseparable from its dilapidation for the sake of living under so venerable a roof.

For a very small sum per week you may have a sitting-room and bedroom. Imagine the sitting-room: about sixty feet long and twenty feet wide, with wainscoting of black oak, panelled and moulded from the floor to the groined stone ceiling, one end being formed by the mullioned leaded bay windows aforesaid, with tendrils of ivy creeping across the small panes of greenish glass. The light is never more than twilight, even at mid-day; and when you sit down to your chop in the evening, with one candle burning on the little table, you are girt by a shadowy and cavernous darkness. The bedroom is inferior only to the sitting-room in proportions, and for a couch you have a four-post bed. There are drawbacks to all this picturesqueness,

as we have already intimated: there is no running water, except when it leaks in with the rain; the leaded windows shake fearfully, and are no match against the boisterous winds which slip in and strike the tenant in the back; the only illumination is by lamp and candle; and in "the dead vast and middle of the night" there are inexplicable rattlings as though the old knights, arisen from their tombs, were buckling on their armor for a new crusade. Living in these old-fashioned quarters we feel that the gulf between Queen Elizabeth's age and our own times is not so very wide, and from them it is not difficult to enter into the past.

What Shakespeare is to Stratford, Leicester and Amy Robsart are to Warwick. They are the leading personages, in the only drama the little town knows — the "stars" in a performance which is repeated so often that by comparison a Chinese play is a mere interlude. We

refresh our memories of them by reading "Kenilworth" again, and perhaps, it must be confessed, do not find it as absorbing as it was when we read it under an apple-tree, though our heresy may not be as flagrant as that of Mr. Howells. Where now is the soldier of fortune who can discourse as Mike Lambourne did, with all that facility of metaphor and expletive, so apt and so varied that they put us into good humor with the unconscionable villain? All the characters in those days spoke in epigrams, even down to the hostler at the "Bonny Black Bear," who, when Lambourne is in his cups, describes him as speaking "Spanish as one who has been in the Canaries." What innuendo or quip finds Giles Gosling without a repartee — he who poetizes his own sack so beautifully? "If you find better sack than that in the Shires or in the Canaries either, I would I may never touch either pot or penny more. Why, hold

it up betwixt you and the light and you shall see the little motes dance in the golden liquor like dust in the sunbeam." Knave and knight, the rustic boor and the gartered courtier, have the same knack of saying what they have to say with Macaulay-like precision and with a like appreciation of antithesis and alliteration. There is some contemporary evidence that the subjects of the fiery Elizabeth garnished their speech no more nor set it in finer phrase than the subjects of Victoria ; no false modesty led them to mince matters, and call a spade a silver spoon. But Scott's characters have set speeches which they deliver *ore rotundo*, spiced with color-giving adjectives and neat turns of wit : there is not a flash in the pan among them all. Is it life ? Was it ever life ? Did people three hundred years ago speak in this stilted, theatrical manner ? "There, caitiff, is thy morning wage." "Draw, dog, and defend thyself !" "Off, ab-

ject! Darest thou come betwixt me and mine enemy!" Perhaps there may be justification for the assault Mr. Howells recently made on Scott; and at all events we advise those who have anathematized the courageous American critic to read their "Kenilworth" again, and not to hurl their stones until they have done so.

But criticism is not part of our intention; and we had better come back to our tourists, many of whom — we may say nearly all — have copies of "Kenilworth" under their arms, and do not question or dispute the historical foothold which Scott claims for his characters. We find Mr. William Winter espousing the legend with implicit faith, and confessing that as he presses to his lips a red rose, plucked in the garden of Kenilworth, he has the enviable sensation of touching the lips of the lovely Amy, who "outweighed England's crown."

The three great sights of Warwick are the Castle, the Hospital, and the Beauchamp Chapel, in each of which we are reminded of the reality of Leicester, though there is but one trifling relic of Amy. The town itself is said to have been founded by Cymbeline, and it is mentioned in the Domesday-book as a borough containing no less than two hundred and sixteen houses. One of the first earls was the famous Guy, who exceeded nine feet in height, and who slew a green dragon and a Saracen giant in single combat. The title has had many wearers : the Beauchamps ; Richard Neville, " the king-maker ; " George Plantagenet, and Edward Plantagenet. For forty-eight years it was dormant ; and then it was conferred on that over-reaching John Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland, who lost his head finally, having done the same thing metaphorically several times before, on Tower Hill. He was the father of Leices-

ter, whose brother, Ambrose, then held the earldom.

Out of the diamond panes of the chamber in our picturesque lodgings, we look on the smooth grassy court of "New Bowling Green," as the dwarfish little tavern calls itself, with a preposterous pretence to a youth which must have ended at least a century ago ; and in the long, melodious, English twilight we can hear the voices of the players softened to an *Æolian* pitch in the mild summer air. The inn is on a curving street which leads down to the Avon, and which has scarcely been touched by the tide of change that has been so busy with alterations elsewhere. Nearly all the houses are ancient, so old, so sunken, and so bent, that one wonders why they do not collapse. The roofs sag, the fronts bulge ; but age seems to have given them a malleable quality like whalebone. The highest is not more than two very modest stories, the upper

projecting over the lower, and resting on oaken brackets. They are all of the half-timbered variety; the huge beams being visible in front and freshly painted in broad black lines, while the material between them shows white or gray. So small are the lattice windows, so low and narrow are the doors, that the people for whom they were built must have been inferior in stature to the Britons of to-day, and Earl Guy must indeed have been a phenomenon among them. Marked with age as they are, the cottages are very habitable however; and where an open door allows us to peep in, the interior shows us much comfort within a space inconceivable as to cubic feet. The stone floor is pipe-clayed; a kettle simmers on the "hob;" the crockery glistens on a sideboard; and there is evidence of a sociability which we should not be unwilling to share in the high-backed settle drawn up at right angles with the hearth. A thriving box

of fuchsias and geraniums decorates the window ; and at the threshold, in a wicker cage, there is sure to be a bird — a starling, a lark, or a fat, confiding bulfinch.

Such is the approach to the river by the way of Mill Street, and it was between these very rows of cottages, as like as not, that Queen Bess passed on her journey from London to the revels at Kenilworth, with Leicester, Sussex, Raleigh, and Blount in her train. When we reach the brink of the river, the scene is one such as England alone can show. Here there is another group of cottages, probably of later date, with long, narrow gardens, out of which breathes the scent of gillyflowers, mignonne, sweet-brier, and moss-rose, a tangle of bloom woven as close as a fabric. The Avon comes down without a murmur or visible motion, between banks grassy and solid to the edge, without ooze or underbrush, carrying

on its surface pictures of the sky, the fleecy clouds, and the willows which bend over and dip their slender branches into it. Then it is ruffled by a weir for a moment, as an uneasy dream might agitate it, before it falls into a sounder sleep, and glides as peaceful as ever on its course to Stratford. After the weir a new vision appears on the placid surface—a vision of a great mediæval stronghold, towered and battlemented, which springs like a precipice out of the foliage along the margin. It has an aerial, phantasmal, insubstantial air as it floats on the stream; but as we look up from the foot of Mill Street it is verified, battlement by battlement, tower by tower, in the walls of Warwick Castle. Higher up the river is a handsome bridge with carvings and stone balusters, a bridge of respectable age; but the bridge by which Elizabeth came here on that memorable occasion, when she was as much bent on twisting the

secret of Amy Robsart out of Leicester's heart as on pleasure, is in ruins before us. The arches are gone, and the piers alone stand out of the stream, their stones quite concealed by moss and ivy.

According to the novel, while the Queen was making her way to Kenilworth in state, poor Amy, alarmed by the conduct of Varney and Foster, was flying from Cumnor Hall in the same direction, resolved to throw herself upon the mercy and affection of Leicester. Surely lady never was in sorrier plight than she in that company of mountebanks, with only Wayland Smith to protect her and provide for her; though Wayland, it should be said, was as much of a gentleman as any of the more be-ruffled and bejewelled personages of "Kenilworth."

What their route from Cumnor was is a matter of some mystery; for in one place Scott tells us that Amy and her

escort avoided Warwick, and then that they travelled to Kenilworth by the way of Warwick and Coventry, the latter a rather inexplicable proceeding, for Kenilworth is between the two. Perhaps they struck off from the main road before reaching Warwick; and in that case we can imagine them trudging wearily through the quaint villages of Bishop's Tackbrook, Offchurch, and Cubbington. These places looked much the same then as they do now; and if we should see an Elizabethan figure at the door of one of the thatched cottages we should hardly suspect it to be a masquerade. Changes are infrequent and slow in their operation in nooks of this sort; and a new window here, or a chimney there, is the only alteration a revisiting spirit could discover after an absence of a duration compared with which its mortal life would seem less than infancy. The crouching little church at the bend of the road, with its square Norman

tower, was old and gray in Elizabeth's time; and the wind and rain have done little more in the interval than bevel the edges of the stones in the wall, and flatten the jaws of the hideous gargoyles. No doubt the peasants we see are lineal descendants of those who joined in the throng which filled every approach to Kenilworth on the occasion of the *fête*.

"Forefathers and foremothers," as Hawthorne says, writing of this neighborhood in "Our Old Home," "have grown up together, intermarried and died, through a long succession of lives, without any intermixture of new elements, till family features and character are all run in the same inevitable mould. Life is there fossilized in its greenest leaf. The man who died yesterday, or ever so long ago, walks the village street to-day, and chooses the same wife that he married a hundred years since, and must be buried again to-morrow under

the same kindred dust that has already covered him half a score of times. The stone threshold of his cottage is worn away with his hobnailed footsteps shuffling over it from the reign of the first Plantagenet to that of Victoria."

The wear of season and age, which has not impaired the habitableness of these humble dwellings, becomes eloquent, however, in the castle at Kenilworth, which might have been expected to outlast them for many a year. Leicester's palace, that noble structure, which dating from the time of Henry I., often sheltered kings, is now but a ruin, with stairways leading only half-way from floor to floor, and no other roof than the sky in any of its chambers. Still, enough of it remains to enable us to trace nearly all the incidents of the story as Scott describes them in the romance; and stimulated by the rhythmic cumulative splendor of those portions of the narrative which bear all

readers along with impetuous fascination, the visitors witness, when they are sufficiently imaginative, the re-enactment of Amy's adventures. Here is the point at which the giant warder was posted, past whom she stole with Wayland, while Flibbertigibbet restored to the memory of the huge creature his part in the coming masque; here was Mervyn's Tower, where she sought shelter in the hope of being able to communicate with the Earl, and where she was discovered by Lambourne and Tressilian; here may yet be seen the great hall in which the throne was placed; and here, in the Pleasaunce, was the grotto in whose cool recess Amy concealed herself, and was discovered by the queen. The tourists are strong in faith, and do not attempt to separate the component admixture of truth and fiction: the novel is a guide-book to them; and Wayland, Flibbertigibbet, Tressilian, and Lambourne are all ac-

cepted as historical personages. Not in all the chronicles of England is there a chapter equal in magnetism to the story set forth by Scott of the love of this unhappy country girl.

At Cumnor there is much less to substantiate the romance than here. Not a stone remains of the hall, and even its site is obliterated. The inn is called the "Black Bear;" but it is not the prosperous, comfortable hostlery over which Giles Gosling presided with such good humor and tact—"moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his payments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter." Such inn-keepers have gone out of fashion with such shop-keepers as Master Goldthread, the mercer. The old church, in which Papist and Puritan have preached and prayed, has not disappeared; but the testimony it bears throws doubt on the authenticity of the story that Anthony Foster is buried in the chancel—"he

they called Tony Fire-the-Fagot, because he brought a light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley when the wind blew out Jack Thong's torch, and no man there would give him light for love or money." He lies side by side, in effigy, with his wife, and is extolled in good Latin as a man of many virtues.

Coming back to Warwick, we find a few more threads to pick up, especially in the Hospital, which is Leicester's most effective monument. Before the Reformation, it was the home of a monastic order, but was bestowed on him by the queen, and by him endowed for the shelter and maintenance of a master and twelve poor brethren, tenants, and retainers of his or of his heirs. Each pensioner receives eighty pounds a year, and has private lodgings within the Hospital, in addition to common privileges in kitchen, kitchen-garden, and chapel. So liberal is the management, so ample the provision, so free the benevolence from

the stigma and parade of charity, that the inmates may well be envied ; but, with the perversity of human nature, they sometimes mutter against their lot, instead of constantly blessing the memory of their patron. The bear and ragged staff, the motto and initials of Dudley, are visible at every point in the quaint buildings ; and in the kitchen we are shown a faded bit of embroidery, glazed in an oaken frame, which is said to be the needlework of Amy Robsart, a tradition so insecure at the roots that it puts us in mind of that epigram of Mr. Henry James concerning the method of Taine : " A thin soil of historical evidence is made to produce luxuriant flowers of deduction." But centuries shrink into neighborly and speakable distance here, and allow us to fancy that the verification by living witness of the tradition is almost possible. The past is completely ours in that snug kitchen. All the oak of rafter, casing, and wainscot is dark-

ened to ebony with age, but in a perfect state of preservation. The floor is of red tiles, and the low white ceiling is held up by blackened beams. There is a fireplace so capacious that all the pensioners might cook their dinners at once, and a settle, adorned with the omnipresent bear, on which all of them, sitting together, might afterward smoke their pipes, as, indeed, they frequently do. The light, sifting through the hinged, leaded windows, set in stone mullions, burnishes antiquated arms and armor hung upon the walls, and brings out the sheen on the fragment of Amy Robsart's embroidery. Even after nightfall there is enough light from the fire that is always kept burning to show the motto across the hearth, "Droit et loyal," the initials R. L., and the date, 1571.

Presenting to the street a many-gabled front, with peaked windows, open timbers, hinged lattices, and carved brackets, the buildings form within a quadrangle ;

and here the brick-work is picked out with the sixteen quarterings of Leicester's arms, richly emblazoned, and along the mouldings of the galleries, in old English text, illuminated and sunken in the oak, run various rules for the government of the inmates : " Honor all Men " — " Fear God " — " Honor the King " — " Love the Brotherhood " — " Be kindly affectioned one to Another " — " He that ruleth over Men must be Just."

On the highest spot in the town stands St. Mary's Church, its lofty tower visible for miles around, across field and hedge-row, and its chimes pealing like music from heaven over the fair English landscape. Here, in the Beauchamp chapel, under canopies of lace-like stone, and screens of artistically wrought metal, lies Leicester, surrounded by his coroneted kinsmen and former earls of Warwick. There is no allusion to Amy, no memento of her. Another wife reposes with him, her hands piously clasped in

prayer, as his are. The effigy shows him as a solemn-faced, bearded man, the picture of conjugal propriety; and, if epitaphs are to be believed, no man was ever more maligned than this gallant and ambitious courtier of Queen Elizabeth.

The researches of George Adlard¹ and others have completely undermined the foundations of Scott's romance. Amy Robsart never was Countess of Leicester. How could she have been when her husband was not created an earl till three years after her death? She did not appear at the Kenilworth revels, for the castle only came to Leicester with the earldom. Her marriage was not secret, but was solemnized in the presence of Edward VI., who records the fact in his diary, and expresses his appreciation of the amusement afterward afforded

¹ "Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester: A Critical Inquiry." By George Adlard. London, 1870.

him by "certain gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a goose's head which was hanged alive on two crossposts." Leicester was married secretly, though not to her. It was to Lady Sheffield, thirteen years after Amy's death, and two years previous to the revels. Amy's father was not Sir Hugh, but Sir John Robsart; not a knight of Devon, but a knight of Norfolk. Scott, indeed, has not allowed himself to be hampered by any rigid adherence to historic truth; though it is true that Amy died mysteriously at Cumnor Hall, and that Leicester felt himself called upon to disprove the suspicion which prevailed that he had connived at her taking off. That he was indifferent to her is shown by his actions and by his correspondence. Beyond this, Scott's authority seems to have been a mysterious and melodramatic Jesuit, named Parsons, whose charges against Leicester were repeated at a later period by that garru-

lous old chronicler, Ashmole. Let us not be too exacting, however. Truth even wavers on the lips of History herself when she discards the masquerade of the historical novel, and puts on the academic silk. And it is to be noted that the fable of Amy Robsart convinces the mind of the rustic when fact goes, unheeded, in at one ear and out at the other. Listen to the sounds from the canvas theatre in the field on the Coventry road. They are playing a dramatization of "Kenilworth;" and, familiar as the story is, the audience listen to it again with undiminished interest, and audibly sob as the corpulent Tressilian pumps up his reproaches against the wayward heroine.

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